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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Lloyd George's scheme (how sad that we cannot say Mr. Churchill's!) for State insurance of workmen against sickness and invalidity has been given to the press. At any rate a provisional outline of a scheme has been published. Briefly it is this. Every man whose income falls below £160 a year is to be insured in an amount up to and not less than five shillings a week during illness or general incapacity for employment; the premium to be paid half by the workman insuring, one quarter by the employer, one quarter by the State; no medical or life policies; State sickness insurance to cease at the age of seventy, when the old-age pension begins; the scheme to be administered through and in co-operation with the friendly societies and insurance offices. The plan, it appears, will be laid before Parliament this session, and after being carried through an early stage will then be suspended for consideration by the friendly societies.

On principle we are all for the State helping those with small incomes to insure themselves against disaster from sickness. The ruin wrought by the sickness of the breadwinner is no mere private loss: it is economically disastrous to the State. It is no more than national self-protection to guard against it. No doubt much individualist opposition will be disarmed by the demand on the insuring workman to pay half the cost. Details of course are a different matter. The plan as outlined raises many questions. Will the insuring workman be liable to the ordinary disqualifications? Suppose he makes himself ill or is grossly negligent of his health? If he is long out of work, what will become of his contribution to the cost? Will he be liable for arrears? If not, how will the Exchequer be able to calculate the amount receivable from the working men? Will the State or the employer have to make up deficiencies in members' contributions?

The constitutional controversy goes on briskly in the papers. Sir William Anson has written two useful

letters on the Referendum, which would have been more useful had he answered some of his acutest questions as well as put them. He leaves the answer to "the Unionist leaders". Mr. Arthur Cohen, the well-known K.C., contributes a letter on the Parliament Bill which is either very insidious or "a monument of innocence." The preamble to the Bill implies that it will not apply as it is to a reformed Second Chamber. Therefore Mr. Cohen advises the Lords to pass the Bill "with a reservation" that if their House is reformed and another Second Chamber substituted for it within two years, it shall then be settled whether the Parliament Bill shall come into force tel quel or otherwise. Unfortunately, the Bill once passed, the Government will care little enough for any "reservation" by the Lords, and will take care that neither reform nor reconstitution of the Second Chamber is carried through before two years have passed and Home Rule and the rest of their programme been carried.

Trade is brisk in election petitions this time—ten of them: Central Hull, Chippenham, Mile End, East Nottingham, West S. Pancras, West Bromwich, Gloucester, Exeter, King's Lynn and North Louth. Trade is brisk, of course, because an unusually large number of seats were won by a mere handful of votes. When a man is beaten by two, or four, or even ten, he finds it very difficult to believe he is beaten at all. He is quite sure he would win if the contest were fought over again; so he seizes the one chance. It would be simple indeed to believe that election petitions arise out of any idea of vindicating electoral purity. There is sometimes, no doubt, a vindictive side to them, but the governing calculation is always the chance of reversing the election. Petitioning, in our judgment, is bad policy. The public, especially those who are not keen partisans, has the feeling that, an election once held, the result should be accepted. The beaten man should take his beating. There is a feeling that it is hard luck on a fellow to win an election and then to be turned out on petition. The sporting instinct is in favour of his side in the election ensuing. If the petitioner wins on the case, he loses in the election; so he gains neither way.

Why need Mr. Goulding fall foul of Captain Weigall, the Unionist candidate for Horncastle? In his letter of Tuesday to the "Times" Captain Weigall took up the

position which in the General Election was taken up on nearly every Unionist platform in the country. Captain Weigall is a Tariff Reformer; but he has accepted Mr. Balfour's pledge as to the Referendum for Tariff Reform, and he puts the constitutional issue first. Thereupon Mr. Goulding is filled with "amazement", and sees in the letter of Captain Weigall "a direct repudiation of Mr. Balfour's speeches of the last four years, and particularly those at Bingley Hall in September 1909 and at Nottingham in November 1910". At that rate a vast number of Unionists must have repudiated Mr. Balfour.

M. Longuet, in a letter to the "Westminster Gazette" about the "Humanité" interview of Mr. George, puts himself right at the expense of his distinguished correspondent: Mr. George, it seems, was faithfully reported; and had, by way of proxy, every opportunity to edit his remarks. Mr. George, going away for his holiday, left a colleague behind—"a prominent English politician who was present at the interview"—to do the editing. Mr. George was to be consulted if there was any difficulty; but it seems that in the opinion of his editor no serious correction was required. Mr. George and his friend must settle the matter between them.

Who was the friendly editor left by Mr. George to deal with this interview *per pro* the Chancellor of the Exchequer? We suppose him to be of the Cabinet; else how should he be in Mr. George's confidence? Either he is of the Cabinet, or he is a friend of humanity. These alone are in the confidence of Mr. George. We cannot think of any English politician prominent enough to be left in so important a position who is yet the "friend of humanity". Mr. Churchill is not—as yet; but he is of the Cabinet. Of course there are other Radical Ministers in the Cabinet as well as Mr. Churchill and Mr. George. But, so far as we know, Mr. Asquith was not in London at the time; and perhaps the position would not be dignified enough for a Prime Minister to accept.

We suppose that many a man, be he Radical or be he Tory, might truthfully say of his party and his leaders: "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not Honours more". The party Honour List indeed is one of the sternest bars to the political schemes of Mr. Keir Hardie, and it is very amusing when those horny-handed sons of toil he praises so high are themselves drawn into the charmed circle. Thus Mr. Abraham M.P. has been added to the Privy Council. It is the most interesting feature of the new list of Honours. No new Peers this time of asking: neither coal-hewers nor coal-owners are given a chance. For the rest the list contains plenty of merit, and also plenty of party.

When the Labour men were bearding Mr. Asquith on the Osborne judgment—during the last days of last Parliament—they talked speciously of giving up the "pledge". Their idea, of course, was to catch the Moderate Liberals and the friends of Mr. Osborne by pretending that henceforth all Labour men would be free to vote and think as they liked. The "pledge"—the formal instrument by which the members of the party bound themselves to observe the party's policy and decrees—was to go. When the "pledge" had gone, and the Labour men were free, there would be no reason, they argued, why Moderate Liberals should object to a restoration of the *status quo*, and no reason why the non-Radical minorities in the trade unions should object to pay for Labour men in the House of Commons. Of course no one was taken in by any of this talk at the time; the question was how long the pretence would go on.

We now have the agenda of the eleventh annual conference of the Labour party—published on Tuesday; and the dishonesty of the talk about the "pledge" is

apparent. Here is the recantation, or rather the chief part of it: "The executive consider that the party has now reached a point when its policy and political position are so well understood that the conduct of members will be influenced by them just as Liberals or Conservatives are influenced by the policy of their parties. . . . It will be as disloyal for members after these amendments are carried (amendments in the clauses as to the Parliamentary Fund) to associate themselves with other political parties as it now is. In a sentence, what we desire to do is to put our party on precisely the same footing as the Liberal party and the Tory party, and to expect our men, as they expect their men, either to be loyal to their organisation or to leave it altogether".

Now that the shouting has spent itself, the public is beginning to see that the affair at Sidney Street was not quite fortunate for the reputation of England. The great mass of the East End people were loyal and there was the unmistakeable note of good citizenship about them. They were in strong sympathy with the police—a great thing—while the police themselves were as fearless as they were allowed to be; but that of course we expected. There is no finer body of men in the world. The way too in which the detectives entered what may be called the haunted house and with perfect skill and coolness removed the innocent families and wheedled downstairs the woman Gershon is worthy of all praise. There the satisfactory part of the business ends.

The rest is cannonade and cinematograph and snapshots of Mr. Churchill with his umbrella. Was it really impracticable, having run the assassins to earth, to draw them alive? Could they not have been fumed or smoked out? Why were not the brave and clever detectives suffered to remain in the house after clearing out the two or three families and so prevent the desperate men opening their—no doubt well barricaded—door and getting the run of the whole house? Surely the detectives, armed to the teeth, could have sheltered within the house and so have paralysed the energy of the two prisoners. Who forbade or prevented any skilful precaution of the kind? Sooner or later the whole thing will doubtless come out. As it is, the patient and almost supremely resourceful work of the plain-clothes men seems to have been largely spoilt. By whom?

The strangest thing about the whole business is the action of the Home Secretary. Chancing to be in town at the time, he motors to the scene and takes command of the operations. It is notoriously new to the whole tradition and office of Home Secretary, it is amazingly new. It is exactly as if Mr. McKenna were to hasten to the North Sea or Mediterranean, were we at war with a naval Power, and relieve the admirals of their duties and responsibilities; or as if Mr. Haldane were to convert himself, should there be a war on land, into Field-Marshal Haldane. But indeed where is this kind of precedent to end? May not the Chancellor of the Exchequer call at the offices of the millionaires and personally collect his taxes if they do not pay up at once?

Mr. Churchill's intentions were no doubt good, and he honestly believed that he was going to prove the *deus ex machina* who would dispose of the whole affair. But the *machina*, we fear, was out of order, and the result was a confusion. The truth is, the Home Secretary has gone entirely out of his sphere, just as he did when he took over the command of the police during the Suffragette disturbances in Downing Street. It may remind one somewhat in its disaster of what was styled the New Diplomacy years ago. Ministers lose dignity and are ludicrously out of place when they go in for adventures such as these. But we fancy it will be a long time before Mr. Churchill repeats his mistake. As it is he will be heckled without reserve when Parliament meets.

According to the "Standard's" Paris correspondent, disturbances by the Federation of Labour on

New Year's Day were only avoided by the tardy commutation of the death penalty on Durand. Five weeks ago Durand was found by a jury to have been accessory to the murder of a docker during a strike by other men, though he took no actual part in it. On the verdict apparently the judges need not have passed a death sentence. They did, however, and then, with less than what is generally considered French logic, they petitioned the President that it might not be executed. The Ministry seem to have been as doubtful as the judges whether it would be popularly pleasing or displeasing to guillotine Durand. They were running it very fine when the Confédération Générale stepped in and let them know that if they did not reprieve Durand, there would be another general strike. Then M. Briand gave way, and he loses the prestige of former boldness without gaining credit for present clemency.

The little Portuguese excitement was really a press-made affair—not that there is any mistake as to things being about as bad with the republican régime as they could be, or that its collapse in no long time is certain. But there was no especially virulent symptom at the moment when the papers became so excited. The truth is the journalists waked up to the fact that the dispensation they had been glorifying could not last; so they had to begin to hedge. By the way, it will be interesting to see what Society here will do with Señor Magalhaes Lima, the new Portuguese Minister.

Meantime in Lisbon itself the republican Government has assisted at the opening of a "Revolution Museum". One of its rooms is "The Regicides' Hall", where the cloak of Buiça and the weapons used by Buiça and Costa—the murderers of King Carlos and the Crown Prince—are dedicated to the genius of the Republic. Here too are the portraits of the murderers with the wreaths laid upon them in the cemetery after the assassination. This is a fit place for good republicans to meet together and take heart for the future.

Another new fund from Mr. Carnegie—this time for German heroes. British heroes and American heroes and French heroes are already provided for. The German Emperor has thanked Mr. Carnegie in splendid phrase, and has consented to be the patron of an imposing committee to administer the fund. "Hero" is a technical term, including all those who rescue people from canals, rivers, burning houses, or horses that have run away. The fund is described as "for the amelioration of financial distress which may be caused by heroic endeavours to save human life either in the person of the heroes themselves or of those dependent upon them". No doubt it is shameful when one who generously sacrifices himself to save human life is allowed to suffer for his act. But we are not sure that the common human instinct that prompts men to sacrifice themselves in this way is not cheapened by compensation—especially when it is organised. These actions were once a matter of course, and we hope they may long remain so.

Wolfe has his statue at last. It was unveiled by Lord Roberts in Wolfe's native place at Westerham on Monday. The tribute has been tardy, and it is really due to Mr. Beckles Willson that it has now been paid. Westerham is a little out of the beaten track for the Canadian pilgrim anxious to honour the memory of him who won Canada for Great Britain. In its way the statue to Wolfe is a compliment to the Dominion. In the years when Philosophical Radicalism considered that Canada's destiny was to be part of the United States, Wolfe's work went almost unregarded. With Canada's growth and the fuller appreciation of what she means to a united Empire, we better understand the debt we owe. Nor can we afford to forget Saunders, his naval colleague. As Lord Roberts suggested, the capture of Quebec was a unique instance of combined naval and military operation—an object-lesson of peculiar value to an island power.

Four members of the Canadian Cabinet went to Washington on Thursday to discuss with the United States a plan for reciprocal trade. But Canada is still as careful as ever she was. Nothing her ministers may do at the conference will bind their colleagues in Ottawa. One reason for Canada's reserve is that fiscal reciprocity as the United States understands means giving away Canada's present advantages for a dubious return. Another reason is that the bargain with America will hamper the Dominion in its trade relations with Great Britain. The imperial argument, however, is weakening. Canadian trade must expand one way or another. Canada has done all she can to arrange things with Great Britain, and is still denied. The argument that Canada will be expected to give more than she gets out of the American bargain will not stand indefinitely in the way. America and Canada will in the end find a way out and come to terms—always provided that Great Britain does not get there first. America is ready even to make sacrifices if only the principle can be established that Canadian trade shall ply north and south and not between the Dominion and Great Britain.

Natal can hardly be surprised at the announcement about Indian indentured labour, made at the first Legislative Council of Lord Hardinge. The Government of India has decided to exercise the powers given by an Act of last year and to prohibit further indentured emigration to Natal from next July. Such reprisals as this, for that is what it amounts to, are unfortunate between members of the same Empire; but the Indian Government has the same right as Natal to assert the sentiment of its people. Mr. Gokhale expressed "the deep gratitude of Indians" for the decision. But does this satisfaction extend to the indentured labourers, who are prevented from going to Natal? However, if reprisals there must be, the time seems well chosen, as the coal, tea, and other industries are said to be wanting labour. This makes it easier for the coolies to help the other Indians in maintaining their dignity.

Parnell's view of Justin McCarthy appears to be the view taken of Sir Henry Cotton by his Indian admirers. Having got him to the tea-party, they surprised him into an indiscreet speech; and, what is worse, published it. Of course it was promptly telegraphed to India, and there has excited comment out of proportion to the importance of the speaker and the occasion. Sir H. Cotton does not deny the verbal accuracy of the report which his friends have given to the press, particularly as to his hope that The Hague Tribunal on a technical point would free their "unfortunate" friend Savarkar, convicted by the Indian courts virtually of treason, and still under a charge of abetment of murder. Surely it is time Sir Henry Cotton retired from public life.

Lord Collins of Kensington, one of the Lords of Appeal in the House of Lords, formerly Master of the Rolls and Judge of the High Court, died on Tuesday. He held his office in the House of Lords from 1907 until last October, when he resigned on account of ill-health. He was never widely known among the general public, and only on one or two extra-professional occasions was his name familiar. The chief of these was his presidency of the committee appointed to inquire into the two wrongful convictions of Adolf Beck. The committee did not recommend the creation of a Court of Criminal Appeal, but it so severely censured the Home Office as reviewer of sentences that public opinion at once crystallised in favour of an idea which lawyers had timidly dallied with for years.

Another such occasion was when he was Chairman of Committee of the Patriotic and other War Funds. The cases in which he appeared were never causes célèbres except in a professional sense, though Sharpe v. Wakefield—the great licensing case, and the last in which he appeared before he was made a judge—was of

wider interest. With all his dryness, a report of a speech at some dinner would show at times that he could be witty and droll in *loco*, as an Irishman should be. And his reputation for classical learning was such that a lawyer's clerk has been known to declare reverentially "that he could read Greek in the original". As he was one of the founders of the Classical Association this was probably true.

Sir Robert Morant gives some counsel this week to teachers in Secondary Schools, which merely means glorified Board schools, as to "English". Well, English has a human sound and that is something, and a rare thing, in Education. Certainly it is difficult to imagine any people more in need of counsel as to speaking English than most of these teachers. Sir Robert has unfortunately addressed learned remarks to unlearned people. Language, it is true, is not the slave of grammar, and English is not a lesson. But the genteel half-educated will take this to mean complete emancipation from grammar's already very loose discipline. Like some of our "smart" people, he will rejoice in his bad grammar. Henceforth Board-school children will be told that they are to be their own authorities in matters of English. Cockney will strut as standard!

A very amusing debate has been raging in the "Standard" between Mr. John Burns, Mr. Oscar Browning, and others as to whether Napoleon was ever in London. Mr. Burns—who, by the way, would probably have been of some real use in Sidney Street last Tuesday—insists that there is good ground to believe Napoleon was in London once, and frequented the Adelphi. Other professors, differing markedly among one another as to Napoleon's movements, agree that he never, never could have been in England. It is curious how mightily men will amaze themselves about such points. We need take no sides; but may mention that Napoleon has been quite prominently associated with Notting Hill.

Men are still "conquering the air" by being freely killed in it. There were thirty fatal accidents to airmen last year. The accidents seem to increase as the aeroplanes are improved! But no one who has made anything like a study of natural flight is at all surprised by the death of airmen after airmen. The wind, when it blows in squalls and gusts even, defies all but the most accomplished fliers in nature. The airmen has little chance against storm in a vehicle so faulty and crude as the flying machines of to-day. Even some of the enthusiasts are beginning to doubt now the future of these ingenious but rickety toys. The best authorities in Germany distrusted them some time ago, rightly putting far more faith in the airship. The airship, indeed, promises well; it is a very good thing that the War Office have attended to it closely.

A new star for the new year is discovered this week by Mr. Espin—an Oxford man, as Professor Turner notes with a touch of pride. All the old speculation is again raised. Astronomers are generally agreed that these "new" stars are due to the collision of astral bodies: the dispute is as to their character and the way of their meeting. Certainly the most interesting letter drawn by the blazing up of the new star is that of Professor Turner. In 1901, it seems, light was caught in the act of travelling! In 1901 a new star shot suddenly up in Perseus to first magnitude, and then died away. But, after the "flash", a nebulous appearance was detected around the star, which was observed to be spreading outwards. This was the "flash" travelling outwards to "more and more distant parts of a vast diffuse body". In fact here was light reverberating through the clouds like a peal of thunder. The speed of the journey alone proved that the traveller was light, and none other; for no other velocity was comparable. The crowning proof that the haze of light observed to be moving in this way was the reflection of the "flash", and not independent of it was that the spectrum of the flash and the spectrum of the nebulous haze were identical.

#### MR. BALFOUR AND THE GNATS.

THESE are, as apparently there have been from the beginning of man, people who think that the right way for an unsuccessful side to retrieve its ill success is to quarrel amongst themselves. When every man of goodwill in the army or in the party sees that differences must be sunk at any cost and unity established, that in common misfortune all must pull together (it will be time enough for them to fight amongst themselves when they have beaten the common enemy), this is just the moment which this peculiar though constant type always chooses to attack their friends, to backbite their leaders, to show that everybody but themselves is responsible for failure. Who does not know the sort of soldier that after defeat clamours for a change of general, if he is so moderate as not to demand his head? We English rather fancy ourselves for not doing this sort of thing. We think we take adversity well; that we are not for beheading every leader who fails to win; that with the Romans of old, instead of turning on our generals in the dark hour, we declare our confidence in our cause. We are right, too, in being glad that we are so, if we are; for the other sort, which we used to call French or Italian or Spanish—whichever country, in fact, we at the moment took for the least "Anglo-Saxon"—are pitiful specimens; more perhaps to be pitied than condemned. The poor creatures are victims of panic; unsucces has unnerved them; in their headless terror they must find some one to blame; some one to attack; so with special grace they turn on their own leader. They get relief by thus assuring themselves that they had nothing to do with the failure; if they had had control, all would have gone well. A mean mind this, certainly; shockingly mean; but terror, we must remember, corrupts character very quickly. It is fright that makes them so mean; at any rate it is charitable to think so.

The Unionist party could not expect to escape its share of this sort of person. After any election which has not given the party a majority, we look regularly, and not in vain, for attacks on Mr. Balfour, demands for a change of leadership, grumbling, insinuations, innuendoes, solemn warnings that "under Mr. Balfour there is little or no hope of the Unionist party regaining its influence in the State", etc., etc. The party is accustomed to this and pays little enough attention to it, perhaps almost as little as Mr. Balfour himself. We might pay no attention to it at all—which would be the pleasant way—but for the false impression this sort of talk makes on non-politicians. If loyal Unionists said nothing, treating these Balfour-peckers with the disregard their unimportance warrants, there is real danger of those not on the inside of things thinking these people's chatter really represented the party. Those who have not to look very closely into things always and naturally take noise to mean much. They hear and read of this nagging at Mr. Balfour, and if they find nothing said on the other side are likely to think this is the voice of the party. They do not know who are the people making this noise and cannot gauge their character or insignificance. They do not realise that the source of all this talk is just a little ring of buzzing busybodies; mainly semi-professional politicians, intent on keeping themselves before the public at any cost, keen on the intrigue and "machine" work of politics, always talking and never thinking. These are not perhaps to be blamed for having no conception of politics beyond an election; electioneering is the only thing they are any good for. There they undoubtedly have their uses. They are most energetic and are really very useful in going to numberless meetings where it does not matter what is said so long as something is said. To their credit, they will do dreary work that superfiner individuals will not do. But useful, though not patient, as these gentlemen are, they are hardly the sort a party would care to trust with the choice of its leader. Let them stick to their proper last, and everybody will approve of them; but when they begin to meddle with important things they become a nuisance.

It is the misfortune of the Tariff Reform movement that in its early days, when there can be no question it was most ill-advisedly run, it associated with itself very many of this sort. No doubt, at the beginning of a movement you often have to take the best material you can get, though it may not be what you would choose. But these men need not have been allowed so much power. Tariff Reform has suffered by them. It has suffered especially in this way. Its only chance of success was as the accepted policy of the Unionist party—the non-party pose was always nonsense—but these gentlemen in their pseudo-religious enthusiasm for the new thing forgot the old. The result was that many Unionists well disposed to Tariff Reform thought these gentlemen very good Tariff Reformers but very doubtful Unionists—extremely equivocal Conservatives—and rather sheered off. Some of our Tariff Reformers are too much creatures of one idea. Tariff Reform is a very great thing, but it is not the only thing. It is doing Tariff Reform very ill service to ask Unionists to sacrifice to it other things of equal importance. The way to serve it is to bind it up with the other necessary things—Constitution, Church, Imperialism—and let all stand or fall together. That way it gets behind it the whole Unionist strength.

Anything in the way of apologia for Mr. Balfour is far enough from our mind. For one thing, it would imply its need; for another we have the strongest objection to wasting energy on anything that is superfluous, even if it would not also be an impertinence. Mr. Balfour is the first man in English public life to-day: we doubt if any responsible opinion at home or abroad would dispute it. He is the leader desired by virtually the whole Unionist party. Let the question of leadership be settled by Referendum to all ascertained Unionist electors, and the gnats who are trying to undermine Mr. Balfour's position would look ridiculous indeed. By his sheer character and personality Mr. Balfour raises the whole tone of English politics, a hard enough thing to do. Naturally those who want in a leader nothing but a successful caucus-monger do not want Mr. Balfour. No one supposes he has all the qualities of a party leader and no defects. No party leader is perfect; at any rate none in this country has been in our day, save perhaps Gladstone. Lord Salisbury certainly was not; neither was Disraeli if we consider the party he led. Mr. Balfour is not what is commonly known as a people's man; he is not a match for Mr. Lloyd George at Mr. George's own game, or perhaps we should say at his way of playing the game. Is the idea that we should "swop" Mr. Balfour for the nearest article the party can show to Mr. Lloyd George? It is true that Mr. Balfour has too well-balanced, too much detached, a mind, too refined an intellect, for his personality to tell with the country as it should do. It may be true that Mr. Balfour would tell more with a democracy were he less a statesman, less an intellectual, less a gentleman. The idea then is that we are to find somebody to lead us who is not a statesman, not a man of intellect, not a gentleman. Certainly Mr. Balfour's critics should have little difficulty in finding him. The one really weak point in Mr. Balfour, as it seems to us, is that he is too much of a House of Commons man. He would be more effective if he looked less within the House and more without. We have always said that he overrates the importance of the House of Commons. He does not seem to realise how much the position of the House in the whole British polity has changed: for how much less it counts than it did. His affection and regard for the House of Commons seems to have warped his judgment. All this we know; and put together it only comes to this, that Mr. Balfour is not an ideal party leader. To get one we should have to wait a couple of centuries, and then we should probably have waited in vain.

The really practical question, of course, which malcontents with our present leader are bound to answer, but which they dare not even face, is this: If Mr. Balfour is not the man, who is? The mere question silences the hubbub. Our very opponents would gasp with astonishment if we suggested that we had a better man than

Mr. Balfour; that, indeed, we had one nearly as good in the Commons. Those who watched the effect of Mr. Balfour's personality on the Liberal majority of 1906-1910 felt the absurdity of doubting for a moment that Mr. Balfour was the only man to lead the party.

Tariff Reformers should be the last to carp at Mr. Balfour, for it is he who has made the success of that policy possible. Without him Tariff Reform would not now be practical politics. When Mr. Chamberlain started the movement, Mr. Balfour had to keep together a party many of whom were sheer Protectionists, many determined Free Traders, the majority uncertain and waiting for a lead. Mr. Balfour, seeing that Tariff Reform could never be accomplished on the lines on which it was started, and yet convinced that it was urgently necessary to modify our present Free Trade system, had to keep the discordant elements of his party together while a wiser policy of Tariff Reform replaced Free Trade on the one hand and Protection and a miscalculated Tariff Reform on the other. This process he had to regulate so that it should be gradual enough to give time for the various discordant elements to come together insensibly. This he has succeeded practically in doing. A few irreconcileable Free Traders have been lost, but very nearly the whole party are agreed on Tariff Reform on Mr. Balfour's lines. The Protectionists no longer talk Protection, nor the Free Traders, barring a few, Free Trade. Mr. Balfour has kept the party together and so made Tariff Reform possible. Had he immediately gone the whole length with Mr. Chamberlain, the party would have been broken in two, as it would have been, had he turned his back on Tariff Reform entirely. He saved the situation by gaining the party time and educating it slowly to a practicable policy. To do this he had to endure for two years every kind of obloquy from friend and foe. Taunted by Radicals, by Unionist Free Traders, by Conservative Protectionists, by every shade of Tariff Reformer, he stuck to his plan, never losing his temper or his head. It was a feat of courage and of intellect no other man in either party could have carried through. If that was not proof of the highest quality of leadership, there is no such thing as proof at all.

#### FEDERAL HOME RULE.

WE observe from the letter of Mr. T. A. Brassey which we published last week and from other signs of the times that those well-meaning enthusiasts who advocate "Federal Home Rule" are once more preparing to begin anew their very unfortunate propaganda. The vagueness of the proposals is not their least objectionable feature. Mr. Brassey's letter is ambiguity itself. He gets no further than to say that recent financial developments have increased the difficulties of federalism—which is true enough, but not very enlightening. "Pacificus" does indeed say, in the reprint of his letter to the "Times", that he wishes to convert the United Kingdom into a Dominion of which England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales are to be the provinces, and that the provinces are to bear the same relation to the British Dominion that Quebec does to Canada. But he expressly declines to say what powers are to be given to the provincial legislatures, and yet all depends on that. If they are to be merely glorified County Councils they might, indeed, do little harm. They certainly would do no good. Nor would such a scheme have the slightest chance of achieving the objects which "Pacificus" has in view. If we understand him rightly, he thinks that by his plan the secular discontent of Ireland can be allayed (How many times has that promise been held out as the inducement to pass some pernicious piece of legislation!) and the congestion of business in the House of Commons will be relieved. He also suggests, in a still vaguer and more shadowy way, that the existence of the new Dominion legislature will facilitate Imperial Union—on the principle, apparently, that one constitutional change leads to another, and that if you break up the United Kingdom this will promote in the colonies a more unifying frame of mind. Be this as it may, it

is clear that if the House of Commons is to be relieved the provincial Parliaments must have considerable powers. Indeed, the fact that they are to have Ministers responsible to them shows that they are to be legislative bodies in the full sense of the word and their Ministers are to have administrative authority normally independent of the Imperial Executive.

To us this plan, vague as it is, seems open to all the objections which were urged against Parnellite Home Rule. The course of events has even strengthened some of the objections then felt. Take, for instance, the land question. Unless the power of legislating on that subject were given to the Irish Parliament there would be no serious diminution in the time occupied at Westminster by Irish debates, nor would there be any hope that Irish discontent would be lessened. In 1886 and 1893 the difficulty of protecting Irish landowners from legislative and administrative injustice was felt to be great. That difficulty would still remain; and it would be complicated by a new one. In the last few years vast sums have been advanced by the British Treasury for Irish Land Purchase, instalments of which are being steadily repaid by the Irish tenantry. Doubtless the terms of the land bargain would be in form exempted from interference by the Irish Parliament. But in substance they would be at its mercy. Suppose an Irish Act were passed altering the amount or the dates of payment of the instalments; and it were vetoed by the Imperial Ministers, as, of course, it would be. Is it conceivable that the Irish farmers would not insist on following the Irish Act? And if they did, how could the Imperial Exchequer enforce payment on the old terms?

That brings us face to face with another of the unsolved problems of a generation ago. Who are to control the Royal Irish Constabulary? It seems futile to talk of Irish self-government or anything approaching it unless the Irish are to have at least the same rights over their police force as those which now belong to an English County Council. And yet does anyone really think it would be safe to put the constabulary under the command of Mr. Redmond or Mr. Dillon? Imagine the position if Mr. Ginnell or some other local ruffian were to organise a cattle drive and the owner of the cattle were to appeal to the Irish Home Secretary for protection! Is it not certain that on some pretext or another the protection would be refused? Or take the case of a religious riot in Belfast. Is it reasonable to suppose that the forces of "law and order" would in such a case be impartially used or that either of the combatants would believe in such impartiality as might still haply survive? Nor is the danger of administrative chaos and injustice to individuals the most serious risk we should run by giving to the officials of the United Irish League—the successor, be it remembered, of the old Land League with all its treasonable traditions—the command of a well-armed and well-equipped semi-military force. The maxim that England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity still holds good in Nationalist circles, and the men who cheered British defeats in the South African War would not hesitate to use the weapons we are asked to put in their hands to assist, if opportunity arose, the European enemies of the British Empire.

Arguments like these in the old time were the commonplaces of political controversy. They seemed to us then conclusive against the grant of Home Rule. They seem so still. Is there any change in the political situation which makes the case for Home Rule more plausible than it was? Surely not. In 1886 there was some ground for saying that the attempt to govern Ireland from England had failed. Five years of Gladstonian administration had reduced that unhappy country to the verge of civil war. But all that is ancient history. The Unionist prescription of twenty years' resolute government has been tried with almost absolute success. At the end of 1905, by the confession of all, Ireland was more peaceful than it had ever been. Even after two or three years of Mr. Birrell's administration it still continues to prosper. "Why can't you leave it alone?" No stronger case for the application

of Lord Melbourne's political philosophy has arisen within living memory. The argument for Home Rule from Irish discontent is dying of inanition. Nor is that part of the case which is founded on parliamentary congestion really any stronger. The disease from which the House of Commons is suffering is not so much over-work as loss of belief in itself. Abdication of its powers would tend to aggravate the illness, though it might alter the symptoms. The remedy, if remedy there be, is to restore to the individual member his independence, and consequently his sense of corporate responsibility. How that is to be done is another story.

Last, we would urge on Imperialist Home Rulers—we cannot call them Unionists—that their policy is false to the essential principles of Imperialism. Those of us who have been labouring to promote the closer union of the Empire have been moved by the conviction that without such union the Empire is in danger of falling to pieces. We believe that unity is strength and that the nearer a country or an empire approaches to a unitary constitution the stronger it will be. Federalism is at best a makeshift—better, indeed, than such an organisation as the Empire at present possesses, but greatly inferior to the complete unity of the United Kingdom. The only conceivable excuse for changing the more perfect Constitution into one that is less perfect would be that the interests or sentiments of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales were so divergent that they could never be successfully governed as a single kingdom. Will anyone be found to defend a paradox so humiliating to any intelligent and patriotic Briton? For ourselves, we utterly repudiate any such notion. We believe the Union of the three kingdoms has been of inestimable advantage to every one of them, and we are convinced that any weakening of the bond will be both a symptom and a cause of imperial degeneration.

#### ANARCHISM IN LONDON.

If the current opinion be true, that the men who died in Stepney on Tuesday were anarchists of the "direct action" school, they were at least fortunate in the circumstances of their death. For the space of a working day anarchy reigned supreme in half a dozen streets of the most law-abiding city in the world. What is the record of Fritz Svarr's past we do not know, but it may well be that the Social Democrats, who preach from the cellars of Europe and the platforms of this country the doctrine that he put in practice, will say of their deceased comrade that "nought in his life became him like the leaving of it". The theory of the anarchist is that government is unnecessary because of the fundamental goodness of mankind; yet again and again he has proved in his own person the depravity of man. Preaching human brotherhood, he shows in practice his utter contempt for human life. Government is necessary because men need restraint; law, because they are by nature lawless. Fanatics, or rogues, the men who perished in the flames on Tuesday showed, in the very moment of its triumph, the utter falsity of their creed.

The whole proceeding affords data for a sum in simple proportion. If two anarchists can defy a hundred soldiers and several hundred police, how many are required to paralyse the Government of England? Not very many, it would seem. The whole machinery of government is designed in the belief that "all that a man hath will he give for his life", and a man who sets no store by his own life or that of his neighbour can have a singularly obstructive effect upon the working of the machine. How many such are to be found in this country? It is said that the assassins were members of the Lettish Social Democratic party, and therefore a part of the international movement. The Social Democratic party is by no means unrepresented in England. It has fought a London seat at the General Election, and its principal star entered the lists in Lancashire with laughable results. For the party has little political genius and no capacity whatever for combined action;

in one constituency it supports the Labour candidate, in another the Conservative, and in yet a third Social Democrats tramp manfully to the polling booth for the fun of writing "Socialism" across their ballot papers.

It is the fashion for historians, and not English historians alone, to congratulate the British peoples upon their political genius and law-abiding qualities. How, then, explain the growth of social democracy in our midst? The explanation is not far to seek. The disciples of Mr. Hyndman are not for the most part Englishmen. We are not speaking of the few who supported him, or those who supported his pupil Grayson as the poll. It is easy to gull the British elector once. But the rank and file of the Social Democratic party in England, more especially in the East End, are of alien birth; some are naturalised and some the children of aliens; but the majority are not British subjects at all. If, out of courtesy to the land of their adoption, the speeches at their meetings are occasionally in English, the conversation is for the most part in Yiddish. It is from this mass of people that the political criminals, not only of England but of Europe, are largely drawn. Not that the criminal element predominates; most of these gentry are the merest windbags, whose chief pride and glory is to preach murder and revolution at Toynbee Hall debates. There is little danger in the man who merely talks of broken bottles as a means of persuasion, but a great deal of danger in the criminal refugee who cheers his words.

Unfortunately the influx of this particular type of criminal is on the increase. Russia, since the peace with Japan, has begun to set her house in order, and that in a manner which naturally drives out the anarchists of the most dangerous type, while its thoroughness compels them to seek refuge on our shores. This is the problem with which the Government has got to grapple, and that promptly. The nation cannot afford to take risks; civilisation takes centuries to build, and a few men with pistols can successfully defy it, that is Tuesday's lesson. But the problem is not a simple one. Something can be done by bettering the police system in the East End of London, and for a score of reasons some kind of police reform must not be long delayed. But such reform touches only the fringe of the evil; the true danger is in the mass of half-educated and ill-balanced people holding anarchic views who, while professing the doctrine of "direct action", have not been guilty, in this country at least, of any open crime. These persons are beyond the reach of any police force, however efficient, nor will anyone desire to make the holding of opinions, however dangerous, a criminal offence; but the holding of certain opinions may render an alien a most undesirable person to admit to residence in this country, and the dangerous anarchists, the men who do what others only talk about, are invariably of foreign birth. No one can grumble if England should think fit to refuse admission to such persons. She is not bound to offer asylum to men too dangerous to live in Russia, who may, perhaps, turn their weapons against the land that gives them rest. All that is required is statutory power for the exclusion or deportation of aliens shown to hold views dangerous to government and civilisation. The provision of machinery for the purpose presents no difficulty. Every alien entering this country should be required to make a statutory declaration repudiating certain opinions or affirming others, just as he must declare articles liable to duty. The United States, the home of free thought, have already set a precedent for such a declaration in their campaign against Mormonism. True, the dangerous anarchist may not come as an "immigrant": he has always funds to draw upon at need; but there is no reason whatever why such a declaration should be required from third-class or steerage passengers only. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the would-be immigrant will make his declaration with sincerity or truth; but subsequent membership of an anarchist body or expression of anarchic opinions will afford evidence on which he may be convicted of having made a false declaration; so that the police will be enabled to keep

control of the dangerous but not as yet criminal alien who would otherwise be outside the scope of their authority. Lastly, while not being treated as an offence, it might render an alien liable to deportation to be found promulgating certain views or belonging to certain societies. We ask no interference with the liberty of the subject. Let the Englishman, who after all governs the country, abuse this and every other Government if he will; he has too much common sense for physical force remedies. In the alien we have less confidence, and when his presence becomes a danger he must go.

#### MR. CHURCHILL'S SENSATION.

THE prætorship of Mr. Winston Churchill will be memorable. Troops called out in the capital, a thousand police in arms, siege and battle for six hours within gunshot of the City. Here is something from one of the despatches: "Mr. Churchill at once took command of the operations. He called his generals round him in consultation, inquired after the progress of the wounded officer, and ascertained the disposition of the forces. . . . There was noticeable immediately a quickening of action and of interest in the battle, which had now been proceeding for more than five hours without any decisive result being arrived at. Something, it was apparent, was now going to happen, and soon it became known that the General-in-Chief had resolved to bring artillery into action."

What are the plain facts of the event? The police had tracked down two men who were wanted in connexion with the Houndsditch murders. The men were completely hemmed in without possibility of escape. Already the detectives, who had the business in hand, had isolated the refugees; and all seemed to be going well. Then something went suddenly wrong, and in a moment the "siege" began—sharshooters, Scots Guards, artillery and the rest. At the end of six hours ten of the besieging force were stricken in the field, and the two men succeeded in escaping justice altogether. We cannot guess at the amount or value of the evidence that perished with them. They accomplished their purpose so successfully that the next day it was widely being discussed whether they were two men or three, and whether the man who was especially "wanted" was of the number. One thing is obvious: the men who kept a whole "army" at bay for six hours, and at last succeeded in escaping the penalty of the law, will by their own kind be for ever regarded as heroes. Either they died fighting to the last, or they killed themselves in the law's despite. The police are left with nothing to show. The criminals outdid the police, the soldiers and the Home Secretary; and came by a glorious end.

We do not for a moment hold that the police themselves are to blame for this. Left to themselves they would probably have done the work cleanly and efficiently. On their own ground and in their own fashion the police did well enough. The men were caught and isolated. Had the police been left to carry through this affair it is very likely that two or three of the anarchists would to-day have been safely under lock and key. It is absolutely certain that a number of plain-clothes men were ready, extremely eager, to take these men; we believe that, this time, they would have done it. The trap was laid with perfect skill. Taking their lives in their hands, as these brave men do almost any day, they entered the house, quietly cleared out the two or three innocent families below, and actually lured down the woman whose room the anarchists were using! You cannot teach much in police work, and in dealing with the most dangerous criminals, to men who can act like this. Why were the detectives not suffered to work out the whole scheme on their own lines? "That they might not be shot down" will no doubt be the reply of the fussy and—we must say—the inexpert meddlers. But how do the inexpert know that the detectives, left to work out their own scheme, would have been shot down? A cool, brave and clever

detective, once his plan is fairly launched, takes good precaution not to be shot down. The soldiers on the scene were all right: there is nothing to be said against using them so as to make escape impossible. But who ordered out the artillery? A detective does not work by Gatling guns and quick-firers. That is simply burlesque.

The proceedings began to be really ineffectual only at the stage where it seems obvious that the police were acting according to orders from headquarters. Things went from bad to worse; and, when Mr. Churchill arrived and assumed the command in chief, the affair ended ignominiously. We suppose that the purpose of the "siege" was to capture the criminals. Yet nothing the besieging army did, or endeavoured to do, under the generalship of the Home Secretary could reasonably be expected to bring that result successfully about. Left to themselves, the police would probably have captured their men. Certainly they would have made a better job of the East End affray than has been made with the aid of Mr. Winston Churchill. We shall be suspect—of course—of trying to make party capital in saying this: it is hardly possible to speak of the anarchists and the East End just now without being rebuked as mere party politicians. The word "alien" spoken or written by anyone tainted by Toryism instantly raises a blister on the extremely susceptible skin of a Liberal. None the less it must be said that Mr. Churchill had far better leave the police alone. They know ten thousand times better than he can possibly know, or than any politician, Liberal or Tory, can ever hope to know, how to deal with an affair of this kind. The truth is the affair was taken out of the hands of the detectives; and this after they had traced the anarchists with wonderful skill to their last lair. Top-hats, astrachan coat-collars and umbrellas came on the scene, and took command of the operations; indeed, these had taken command before they arrived. It will now be proclaimed by all anarchists that their friends have lived a glorious life and died a glorious death. Evidence is probably lost which might have been of priceless value, and the men have, as the cant saying is, "gone away and left no address". The police have been foiled, largely, it seems, through interference well meant but highly unsuccessful.

Certainly this affair will not redound to our credit. Foreign readers of our daily press are scoffing almost without disguise. "Shooting sparrows with artillery" is the verdict from Berlin; and the Berlin police openly boast that they would have managed this affair to better purpose. We think that our own police would have been quite equal to the business, if left alone; though their methods would have been different, perhaps, from those of Berlin. Pistols and guns are not weapons of the Force, and they are not at home in their use. By resorting to the method of "siege" the police were in effect superseded in the "battle" of Stepney. The police did the work well that was set them to do, and the soldiers (surely it was little more than skylarking so far as they were concerned) took the position as gravely and responsibly as they were able. It was Mr. Churchill's field day, and he—seeing that he took on himself the supreme command—must be held directly responsible for the defeat of the armed forces of the British Empire by a pair of refugee criminals.

#### THE CITY.

THE Stock Exchange has commenced the year with a good supply of investment business, but with a conspicuous lack of speculative interest. The investment-buying favoured the old-fashioned channels, the gilt-edged market being fairly busy, while Colonial stocks were in some demand and Home Railway prior charges found good support. The buying to a large extent represented the reinvestment of dividend moneys, though it was also attributable to expectation of an early reduction of the Bank rate, which will diminish the attractions of the loan markets and of the deposit accounts of the banks for the employment of

surplus funds. The condition of the money market in the last two or three days has, however, suggested that the lowering of the official rate of discount may not take place quite so soon as was formerly anticipated.

The advance in Home Railway preference and ordinary stocks has been hampered by an appreciation of the fact that some of the companies are at length venturing upon larger capital expenditure. The announcement made in certain quarters that the Brighton directors purpose raising half a million of debentures and a million and a half of preference and ordinary stock is of course premature. Parliamentary powers and the authorisation of the stockholders have first to be obtained, and at the very earliest the issue could not be made before June. But the mere discussion of new capital requirements served to counteract the influence of another batch of good traffic returns. This week's figures complete the half-year for the English railways, and the totals give no cause to modify favourable dividend estimates that have been made.

Americans have been strong at times owing, perhaps, to reinvestment of dividends on the other side, but more probably to a recognition of the oversold condition of the market in Wall Street, which prompted professional re-purchases. Canadian Pacifics have returned once more into favour, advancing sharply in spite of a fair amount of profit-taking. An increase of \$78,000 in the traffic for the last ten days of the year brings the total increase for the six months up to the handsome figure of \$5,759,000. The recent buying has been accompanied by reiterated reports of a forthcoming bonus distribution. Grand Trunks for once provided a pleasant surprise in an increase of £35,845 in gross earnings for the last ten days of December, which electrified the market until it was remembered working expenses may reduce this amount very considerably in the net result, concerning which no evidence will be available until the half-yearly revenue statement is published. The announcement of the result of the Hudson's Bay Company's land sales during the December quarter has directed attention to the shares. The total receipts for the nine months to 31 December amount to £246,000, as compared with £199,300 for the corresponding period of 1909.

Speculative inquiry has been directed mainly towards Rhodesians; but even in this section dealings were principally professional, the public apparently having no mind for gambling at the moment. It is hoped, however, that when investment requirements have been fulfilled there will be an overflow into the speculative channels, when Rhodesians should benefit as being one of the markets which offer a "run" for one's money. It is worth noting that the dividends declared by Rhodesian mining companies last year totalled about £840,000, which was more than double the amount for 1909, and this record should be very considerably exceeded during the current year. The best Rhodesian shares, therefore, offer the double attraction of possible improvement in dividends as well as in value. This explains why Rhodesians are taking the place of Kaffirs as a medium for speculation, though it must be observed that business in Rand shares is showing a tendency to broaden. The Matabele Queen's, formed with a capital of £250,000 in 10s. shares, is a new subsidiary of Willoughby's Consolidated. It acquires sixty-seven gold claims in the Bembezi district, to the north-east of Bulawayo. Up to the present the tonnage milled has been about 87,000, yielding £170,963 of gold. Mr. Ackermann, the chief mining engineer of the British South Africa Company, has reported most favourably on the property. There is talk of efforts to enliven the West African section later on. Rumour has it that an important group is taking an interest in the West African Trust as a preliminary to creating a more active market. The leading shares may therefore be watched with interest, as there is no reason why the Jungle should not return to public favour.

The condition of the rubber-share market has encouraged a few professionals to indulge in a more or less determined bear campaign—but without great success. Public interest being at a low ebb, the some-

what unsatisfactory result of this week's rubber auction at Mincing Lane gave an opportunity for "banging" tactics. Responsible market men, however, supported their specialities, and in the circumstances prices have been fairly well maintained.

The result of the issue of the South Manchurian Railway loan, guaranteed by the Japanese Government, has been watched with considerable interest as an index to the public attitude toward new capital issues. Several important loans are only awaiting a favourable opportunity for flotation. Chili wants £5,000,000; Norway £800,000; an Indian loan is talked of, and South Australia and Victoria are mentioned in the same connexion. The Manchurian loan, however, is not a very safe guide to the prevailing sentiment, owing to the appeal made by Sir Edward Holden to investors on patriotic lines not to support financially a country which is sending its industrial orders to England's commercial rivals. Judging by the present good demand for trustee securities, new issues of the trustee class should find favour now, and the reduction of the Bank rate, when it comes, should be the signal for the launching of several interesting prospectuses.

#### INSURANCE.

##### A COLONIAL MUTUAL DEPARTURE.

**P**OLICIES combining life or endowment assurance with other benefits are gradually coming into favour. Their popularity seems to be justified. Why should one be compelled to take out two or more policies when several risks can just as easily be covered under a single contract? It was a consideration of this kind that some short time ago impelled the board of the Colonial Mutual Life Assurance Society to introduce in Australasia a combined life, accident and sickness policy, and as the experiment was attended by a most welcome increase in new business, it was recently decided to extend the issue to the United Kingdom. There were evidently sound reasons for the departure. Neither life nor endowment assurance policies afford quite the full protection needed by most persons, because no provision is made for accidents or sicknesses that do not end fatally.

Whether the actuary of the Colonial Mutual has hit on the best method of securing the object is uncertain, but the scheme he has devised can, at all events, be approved for its simplicity. To the ordinary charge made for any whole-life, endowment or triple-endowment policy an extra premium is added to cover the additional accident and sickness risks assumed. Necessarily the amount of this extra premium is governed by the occupation of the assured. For ordinary risks the office yearly premium is increased by 12s.; for medium risks by 14s.; for hazardous risks by 16s.; and for extra hazardous risks by 18s., slightly higher rates being charged where the premiums are paid half-yearly or quarterly. As may naturally be supposed, the office does not bind itself to issue a combined policy to every person whose health is satisfactory. Certain risks are excluded from the scope of the scheme as being too dangerous, but the number of these exclusions is not considerable, and any office, British or Colonial, would adopt the same course. Boatmen, coal miners, drivers, jockeys, quarrymen, seamen, wharf labourers, and such like are obviously more exposed to accidents than most persons—indeed, by some offices they are generally refused for insurance. It is also very reasonably stipulated that accidents resulting from football or polo playing, hunting, motor driving, motor cycling or mountaineering are not covered unless specially provided for.

Safeguards of this kind do not detract from the merit of the innovation, which is plainly intended for the benefit of average men and women—they rather add to its value. The main objection we perceive to the Colonial Mutual plan is that the accident and sickness benefits cease after age sixty-five has been attained. In fairness to the office it must, however, be stated that the ordinary premiums quoted for life and endowment

assurances are exceptionally moderate, being much below the average rates charged in this country for similar policies. The same may be said as regards the additional premiums imposed to cover accident and sickness risks. When measured against the benefits that are conferred they are found to be distinctly reasonable. Under the sickness clauses the holder of a policy for only £100 is entitled to an allowance of 12s. per week, up to twenty-six weeks, during temporary total disablement caused by any one or more of thirty well-known diseases, and to £6 per annum, payable half-yearly, for ten years, or until previous death, should irremediable total blindness or permanent general paralysis result from disease. Of course the amount of these and all other allowances increases with the amount of the policy, which is limited to a maximum of £2000.

Equally liberal benefits are given in the event of the policyholder meeting with an accident. Should death result therefrom within ninety days the nominal sum assured is doubled, and somewhat similar provisions are made in cases of permanent total or partial disablement, £100 or £50 respectively being then paid down in respect of each £100 assured, with double benefits throughout should death or injury happen while travelling on a railway or tramway. Nor is this all, for a generous weekly allowance is made to the assured while he is temporarily incapacitated, and he is further promised an annuity for ten years should permanent general disablement follow. Regarded as a whole this new policy possesses many attractions. It is decidedly cheap, and will appeal to those who cannot afford to disburse large sums yearly in the form of insurance premiums.

#### THE RE-VULGARISING OF THE MUSIC-HALL.

BY JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

**T**HIS title has been chosen after profound consideration and a comprehensive survey of the facts to be dealt with. Once upon a time all the music-halls were vulgar, blatantly, appallingly and apparently incurably vulgar. The very posters on the doors, bearing the idiotic names of the degraded folk who called themselves "artistes" and the abominable pictures of these celebrities, were enough to scare one away without so much as a glance inside; but if one took that glance, all was flare and glare, tawdriness, garishness and villainous ugliness. The male and female boors on the stage and the dirty gilt decorations were alike hideous, to the ear or the eye or to both. Superior people of those days—I was one of them—who had been in once scorned to enter again. The music was of the same noble order as "Ta-ra-ra-boom"-something and "Hi-tiddlely-i-ti", and we heard too much of that sort bellowed and screamed in the streets on bank-holidays to cage ourselves voluntarily to listen to it. The words of the songs were insufferably stupid, inane, pointless. And those "artistes"—the male idiots or ruffians who bounced on the stage with raucous roars of laughter and howled out some incredibly brutal and brainless verses, gufawing at intervals to show how funny it all was; and the Whitechapel females with their excruciating yawps—that true Shrieking Sisterhood, the "serio-comics": bedizened young or ancient women whose accent showed they came from the gutter to fling about the stage in baby-frocks—bah! the men were as horrible as the women, the women as the men: no matter which sex one listened to, one fondly thought that at any rate nothing else in the world could be so bad. Half a dozen really humorous singers might have been found, perhaps, in the whole of Britain: the rest had no more wit nor humour than the songs they yelled: they were intolerable. And a word must be said about the band—a fiddle or two, a bass, a cornet and a piano, all playing out of time and out of tune. This, reader, was the music-hall of the day before yesterday, and, if things continue to move as they are moving at present, something very like it will be the music-hall of to-morrow.

We must remember that the music-hall of the day

before yesterday was not the music-hall of an earlier day, or, rather, that truly British institution out of which the music-hall sprang, the Free-and-Easy. At the Caves of Harmony, as Thackeray admitted, coarseness and ribaldry were not absent, nor indecency indeed; but such a man as Thackeray, even when he was a young man, must have found the general tone clean and healthy, the amusement honest, the singing not mere barbaric clatter. But this form of entertainment degenerated the moment the impresarios—generally of the publican class—began to cater for the masses. When the lowest of the low were admitted for a few pence on condition of buying sufficient beer, the noble “artistes” who pleased most were inevitably those who “played lowest down”. The old heartiness disappeared; so did the old honest rollicking tunes; tomfoolery, elaborately worked-up practical jokes—the more brutal the more successful—took the place of fun. In a word vulgarity claimed the Free-and-Easy for its own; the Cave of Harmony went down and the old Canterbury proudly arose. And I don’t believe that the Canterbury at its very worst could beat some other resorts for sheer beastliness.

Thus arose the music-hall of the day before yesterday. That of yesterday was a more hopeful concern. My profession necessitated repeated attendances at various halls over a period of three or four years; and I saw the barbarous old order going out and a cleaner, more amusing and more refined order coming in. Except in the worst quarters gross indecencies vanished; even in the best there was far too much shouting and noise and too little singing; the words sung remained everywhere as silly as ever, and there was not much improvement in the music. But real orchestras took the place of the old makeshifts, and here and there a real conductor found his way into them. The interiors of the buildings became brighter and occasionally the decorations were quite artistic. For a time it was quite a pleasure to pass an evening in a music-hall. One could smoke; one need not think; if some particularly disagreeable “turn” was announced—say, some of those performing dogs, cats, seals or elephants—one could tranquilly vacate one’s seat for a while and come back to it when the amusement resumed. At the Palace, where Mr. Hermann Finck directs his really fine band so ably, and at the Alhambra, where another master of the orchestra, Mr. George Byng, reigns as musical director, I have lolled away pleasantly parts of many a lazy evening; and in other places one could enjoy the songs of Mr. Chevalier or laugh at Dan Leno, that mighty aid to digestion. I daresay the Palace and Alhambra are as good as ever they were. None of my remarks apply to them; and other halls seem to remain unsmirched; but over the average hall one must observe a sad change coming: a setting-back to the day before yesterday.

For a time the numerous newly built suburban and provincial houses apparently absorbed the old vulgarians and the young members of the old tribe; and the central places were left free for the better class of “artistes”. The accent of Camberwell or Whitechapel ceased to be so blatant and insistent. Now I see with consternation that the old hands are getting back, and, worse still, young hands with the old tricks. For instance—only one, for the Coliseum and others might be discussed in much the same way—let us take the new Palladium, which was triumphantly opened on Boxing Day. By request of the management I attended last Monday on pretext of hearing Miss Edyth Walker make her débüt on the “variety” stage (why “variety”, when all the turns are so much alike, is one of the mysteries of music-hallism). The theatre is a handsome one, fitted with enough electric light to illuminate a town of moderate size; the attendants are civil in spite of their gorgeous apparel—Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like some of these; the seats are wondrous comfortable, and so far as I could judge from every one a clear view of the stage may be obtained. So far, so good: let me turn for a moment to the performers and the performance. The band consists of thoroughly efficient

players; and the conductor may be efficient too—only, I had not the pleasure of hearing or seeing him conduct. True, he wagged the stick in a most striking, not to say terrifying, manner; but I did not notice that his gestures had much effect upon his men. Perhaps he has taken a wrong line in life: in all humility I suggest to him that he might be eminently successful as a scene-painter or whitewasher. Why, I once employed a man to whitewash my ceilings, and he told me he had practised his profession for over fifty years; yet the flourishes of his brush were not nearly so handsome, or unexpected, as of the conductor’s bâton on Monday. On the stage we had a boy-juggler who achieved miracles with plates, knives, oranges and the usual paraphernalia; there was a lady who spent quarter of an hour in trying to break her neck, or at least some of her bones, by making a bicycle behave like a restive horse. (I admit that this was marvellous, and it made us hold our breath; but I don’t like that kind of thing as the bulk of the audience did.) I believe there were going to be dogs, but I left the building in time to escape them. There was Mr. Martin Harvey and a small crowd of bloodthirsty swash-bucklers, all mouthing it in the approved melodramatic fashion and uttering quotations from the ancient ~~trans~~ pontine plays as if they were great poetry; there was a mildly amusing comedietta; and there was Miss Edyth Walker.

I wonder whether Miss Walker heard and saw some of the turns who preceded her. The audience that applauded her had just applauded a young lady, dressed as a little girl, who sang some arrant nonsense about the delights of having a “spoon” under what she was good enough to call “the sil-vairy mune”. The chorus, accompanied by the full orchestra, including a large battery of brazen weapons of offence, was quite ear-splitting; for the Palladium audience, not being composed of people accustomed or likely to join in public choruses, refrained from joining in, and the lady had to do it all herself and make her voice heard above the instrumental storm. Did Miss Walker hear the lady—or gentleman: I really don’t know which it was—do a song, with appropriate horseplay, about the “hobble” skirt? If she heard and saw either of these exhibitions I rather wonder that she had the nerve to come on and give us Wagner. It was not badly done, though not done as Miss Walker could have done it in happier circumstances, but certainly it was preposterously out of place. The second thing she sang (whether or not as an encore I cannot say) was “The Lost Chord”, a deplorable piece of music which does not in the least suit her fine operatic style.

For Miss Walker’s own sake I regard it as a pity that she should appear on the variety stage. Other artists have done it, I am well aware, and that also is a pity. To sing noble music so as to please crowds that have been worked up to the mood requisite for the enjoyment of clowning and bawling, and performing dogs—this must inevitably take the edge off a singer’s sensitiveness. There is another reason, and that the main one, why I deplore the introduction of a kind of super-star system into the music-halls. It is this system which will bring, and is now bringing, back the bad old state of things. If nearly all the money taken at the doors must go to one or two people from the opera-house or the theatre, there cannot be sufficient left to pay the ordinary and genuine music-hall stars. In the endeavour to compete with the theatre and the opera the music-halls must fall back upon inferior “artistes”; genuine music-hall art will receive less and ever less attention; and presently we shall have the music-hall thoroughly re-vulgarised.

#### OÙ DÎNER?

IT is a daily problem. Où dîner? In the gathering dusk invitations blink from a score of cafés and restaurants, but one learns to mistrust their urgent appeal. One has dined, perhaps, in five times that number, and hundreds of others exist. Yet every

evening after the "heure d'apéritif" the ever-recurring problem presents itself. Where to dine? *Chez Machin*? It is good and cheap, but too stuffy on this warm evening. *Chez Chose*? Here one may sit at an open window looking out on the boulevard, but then it is expensive. Every evening economy makes a timid little appeal, but usually circumstances are against it. Legend has it that the perfect dinner may be obtained in Paris for two francs. It is an oft-told story in London clubs. But it is, alas! a traveller's tale, and as such untrue. Close acquaintance with Paris kills the legend of the two-franc dinner. Strong local colour no longer appeals as it does to the visitor. To the seasoned resident it is not enough to have his order taken by a hairy waiter who hurls it through to the kitchen from lungs of brass: "Un demi rouge, un! Un chateau pommes!" He wants peace and quiet and passably good food undisguised by sauces. Thus the two francs leap to four, sometimes six—even eight. But though such extravagance finds no lack of encouragement, every evening the problem arises—where to dine?

The anxious moment arrived, long experience does not come to the rescue. Seven o'clock finds one standing irresolute at the Place de l'Opéra in the very centre of hurrying, hungry Paris and posing the inevitable question. *Où diner?* Friends perhaps proffer suggestions; dull ideas containing nothing original. The crowds, their numbers now thinned, still hurry, purposeful and determined on dinner. Half Paris is dining, the other half is hastening to do so. Meanwhile old friends are becoming exasperated at mutual stupidity. This does not help to solve the problem. The crowds have now disappeared. All Paris has a napkin tucked under its chin as the last glow of sunset fades over the Opéra. So that, fearing there will soon be no dinner left at all, we turn hurriedly into the nearest café, expensive haunt of visitors of all nations. The problem this time has got the better of us. But as a maître d'hôtel bustles up our brains clear and brilliant ideas come thick and fast. And "Good Heavens!", we say, "why didn't we think of this or that before?" But it is too late, and the maître d'hôtel murmurs "Et comme vin, messieurs?" "De la bière", we reply, leaving him as moody as ourselves.

Why this restlessness at the hour of dinner? It must be the search for character and variety which causes all these indecisions and heartburnings. One must have character; not the strong local colour of two francs, but a little something that endears and attracts, something that has a stronger appeal than the mere call of food to a hungry man, something not known to every stroller on the boulevards. Perhaps a small establishment is discovered where the *hors-d'œuvre* are excellent. The wine in jugs may be sour and the cuisine very indifferent, but for the sake of the *hors-d'œuvre* the little restaurant goes on the special list. Or it may be the wine in jugs which draws one elsewhere. Or it may be the waiter who attracts, as in the case of Jean. Jean presides over "The Fawn at Bay", where the clientèle in the single dining-room hardly ever changes and the stranger feels his position. Jean is a "drôle de type". He is something over sixty, with a clean-shaven, rosy face, like a Dendy Sadler waiter in a Dickens inn. He is an autocrat of the dinner table. You may order beefsteak and he brings you "lapin sauté". You protest. "C'est bon; mangez le!" says Jean, fiercely chiding. If you still protest that you cannot eat "lapin sauté", Jean says "Faut bien. Il n'y a plus de biftec!" Jean is a great racing man, and so that he may the more easily gratify his passion the restaurant is closed on Sundays during the summer. He makes long journeys, even as far as Trouville, for the Grand Prix there. He is for ever looking for a "tuyau", or tip, and sometimes in his corner reads "La Veine", a flimsy sporting sheet, while customers call in vain for "Camembert" or "Crouté au pot" or coffee. "Bon, bon, voilà!" cries Jean impatiently, running his eye down the list of starters and criticising the tips for the morrow. In making out the bill—three

francs fifty, after a reckless course from soup to coffee—he describes how his horse of the day has won—or lost. Indeed, his horses frequently lose, but never by more than a head, and Jean has always an excellent reason to account for that. Sometimes he confesses that he has lost a louis on the day. "Ca se rattrapera bien demain", he says cheerfully. This must be so, or ten times the threepences given to him would not suffice for the demands made by his passion. It is worth while to simulate an interest in racing merely for the delight of hearing Jean pronounce "outsider" and "walkover". Apart from being disturbed whilst reading "La Veine" only one thing really annoys him. That is for one to say hard things about the coffee. The coffee at "La Biche" is a pale and execrable liquid. Jean, however, swears that it is as good as any in Paris, and brings the coffee-tin to prove it. "C'est bon. Sentez le!" he says, rumbling. "C'est de la première qualité." The storm passes and Jean pockets his threepence with a grin and a cheerful "A demain, messieurs". If a week passes without a visit to "La Biche" Jean is reproachful on our reappearance. "Eh bien, ces messieurs. On ne vous voit plus." "It is the coffee, Jean", we reply gravely. "We have only just recovered from the effects of the last". "Blageur!" cries Jean heartily. And then as he hands over the menu smudged in blue ink, "Et comme vin?"

If one does not feel in the mood for the jovial imprecations of Jean one may go, if economy triumphs, to "La Petite Niche", where everything is excellent and cheap. But, alas! and for these good reasons the "Niche" is known to everybody, and one must be there well before seven o'clock to secure a good seat. Also, if alone, one must be prepared to sit at a little table in company with three strangers, and they may eat garlic, or, themselves secure in the folds of a wide-spreading napkin, be careless with their soup. The waiters scuttle to and fro and shout as they pass the kitchen, every diner chatters, impatient people rap on their plates, at seven o'clock there is no elbow-room, and the hubbub goes on until nine. So that a headache may arrive with the bill, and the cool air of the street is welcome. Yes, once a month at "La Niche" is enough. On nights of inspiration one may think of the "Dragon". It lies just off the bright Avenue de l'Opéra, just behind a huge German "brasserie" in a dark little street which has been forgotten since the days of the Revolution. Happily the habitués of the "brasserie" never seem to discover the "Dragon". It is in a building which may be anything up to three hundred years old. It has two doors; one just off the avenue opens into a little wine shop where cabmen take their absinthe on the "zinc", the other opens into the little back street, and through here one may see ladies enter in the most fashionable and extravagant toilettes, their hats almost brushing the ceiling of the low room. The "carte" is small, but always a model of selection. The wine is good and not too cheap. The coffee is aromatic and hot and inky black—not a bit like Jean's. The diners are entirely French, unless it may be for an occasional bearded Russian of a good digestion, who sits steeping peaches in champagne. Here—unless one happens to be a Russian—good taste may wait on appetite for no more than six or eight francs. Or if the weather be hot and the idea comes in time one may take a cab to the topmost heights of Montmartre, and after climbing perilously up streets that ought to be in an Italian mountain village, sit down in front of the "Coucou", a hundred miles from the busy world below and with sympathetic friends gaze out on the twinkling panorama of Paris. At other times an adventure in the Latin Quarter may be decided on, but after a search for fabled restaurants of wondrous cheapness and goodness the adventure usually ends at the "Panthéon" or Lavenue's, where Bohemia may wear long hair but likes to dine in evening dress. On other occasions one may go out to the Porte Maillot, to dine on the pavement and get the fresh breeze through the gates of Paris. And, enfin, there are a score of others, all distinguished by a little something, scattered over Paris from Montmartre to Montparnasse. When inspiration is dead

there are always the boulevard cafés, noisy with music, or the Italian restaurants, where the appetite falters at the thick soup and expires at the next course of macaroni. These may be cheapest of all. And finally there are the most expensive of all—subdued and discreet, or brilliant with lights, red-coated tziganes and radiant toilettes—but these are reserved for special occasions such as the visits of friends. *Où dîner?* It must be the bewildering variety after all which causes the daily problem.

But the favourite of all, and the one which endures because of its homely welcome, lies over the river in a peaceful backwater of the Faubourg Saint Germain. It is on a second floor, up narrow stairs; half pension, half club. No stranger ever enters because it would be impossible to find it unless personally conducted. Young men from the adjacent Ministries dine there, budding diplomats some of them, who take themselves very seriously and make it a point of honour to keep up a sparkling conversation. The “cuisine bourgeoise” is admirable. The welcome of the bright kitchen as the visitor enters, with its shining “batterie” of pots and pans on the walls and the cheerful glow of the long table under the lamplight, are wonderfully sooth-ing after the noise of restaurants. And when all the young men have cleared away to chatter in the smoke-room, Monsieur D—, doyen of the pension, remains behind gravely cracking nuts. The departure of the young men is understood to be the signal for the start of our conversation. “Eh bien”, he often begins, “et la politique en Angleterre?” An old French Whig would best describe him. He is very much interested in England, loves old institutions, although a good Republican, is for ever indignant at the Americanisation and the Germanisation of Paris and its boulevards. “L'invasion des barbares!” he calls it with a quaint sincerity. So we chat for an hour under the lamplight, or rather I am content to listen, saying no more than is necessary to keep up the illusion of conversation as Monsieur D— tells stories of long-ago Paris in an exquisitely modulated French that falls on the ear like music. “... Non, le socialisme en France, comme partout, n'est que ...” Madame comes in to remove the tablecloth. “Tiens!” exclaims Monsieur D—, looking at the clock. “Il est déjà dix heures!” And “Au plaisir” we say in the street as he makes for the river to catch his tram to Auteuil.

#### THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

THE Royal Academy has been wont to honour the memory of recently deceased British artists by including a selection of their works in its winter exhibition, usually as a sort of appendix to the works of old masters. This year the old masters are dispensed with, and we have an exhibition of works by four Academicians—Orchardson, Frith, Swan, Macbeth—and an Associate, David Farquharson.

Macbeth and Farquharson cannot be said to add much to the interest of the show. David Farquharson's landscapes have feeling and accomplishment, but no originality of vision. Macbeth's Fenland scenes and rustics derive from the school of Mason and Fred Walker. Everything is posed and prettified, yet there is no frank surrender or make-believe. It is a kind of painting which is the reverse of academic, but which has always been fostered and favoured by our Royal Academy.

Frith takes us back a long way. He is but meagrely represented in this exhibition; and it is a pity. His pictures have come to have a certain historic interest. But two of his most celebrated and popular canvases are here, the “Ramsgate Sands” and the “Railway Station”. In the catalogue we find an extract from the artist's reminiscences appended to the description of the former picture. It is characteristic enough of the mental attitude of the successful Mid-Victorian painter.

“My summer holiday was spent at Ramsgate. Weary of costume painting, I had determined to try my hand on modern life, with all its drawbacks of unpicturesque dress. . . . Pretty groups of ladies were to be found, reading, idling, working, and unconsciously forming themselves into very paintable compositions. The summer of 1852 found me again at Ramsgate, mainly for the purpose of painting the background, which I wished to make locally accurate. Photography was in its infancy at that time; I had therefore to rely on my own drawings of houses, cliffs, and bathing-machines.” We look at the picture; and for us perhaps its chief attraction is the record of past modes of costume, the daily aspect of a time now beginning to be in our eyes as picturesque as any other, itself already beginning to be the theme of costume painters. How differently would such a scene be painted now! The ladies in the picture shield their faces with sunshades; but there is no sensation of sunshine in the atmosphere. Nowadays almost every painter who chose such a subject would concentrate his powers on rendering that sensation. Bright dresses, sunshades, gay house-fronts, idling figures, all these would be made but surfaces to reflect and capture the vivid and suffusing glow of light. Frith, though it appears that he would have used photographs if he could, was sufficiently affected by the craving for reality, then becoming so passionate a faith with the Pre-Raphaelites, to feel that he wanted a locally accurate background; but he would not admit more reality than went with “very paintable compositions”. A judicious compromise, with little touches of sentiment and subdued humour here and there. But it is all external. A deft professional, the painter has brought nothing to his subject and got very little out of it. It is the same with the celebrated “Railway Station”. It is carefully filled with the skilful ingenuities of an empty mind, it has nothing of the comprehension of a full one. There are those who think that all such subjects are mistaken, that they are bound to be “literary” and “anecdotic”. But no; it all depends on the painter himself. A Rembrandt would have made out of that railway station something epicly pictorial and heart-moving; the groups would be there, and their stories written on them, but how differently! Frith's large elaborate picture of “Charles the Second's Last Sunday” hangs in the same room. What was in his mind when he painted it? Were his sympathies with the King and his fading pleasures, the fascination and pathos of brilliance about to be extinguished, and was John Evelyn to him a sour intruder? Or was he filled, like Evelyn, with scorn and with disgust? I do not think that his mind was moved in either direction, still less was it charged with the deep dramatic understanding which could see below both attitudes. The scene, as he read it in Evelyn's diary, promised an effective costume-piece; paintable compositions with a note of contrast. This, you will say, is “literary” criticism. Yet I would maintain that an energy of mind, yes, even a moral (or immoral) parti pris, would have transformed the pictorial qualities of the painting. The man who wants to drive some meaning home, or to emphasise at all costs what his chosen subject-matter means to him, will not rest content with the tame reflection of a scene; his instinct for design will be evoked and intensified, his sense of form and colour will kindle with the need for significance, we shall feel his emotion in the added force and vibration of his brush-strokes. Technique is not one thing, and mind or temperament another; the two are inextricably dependent on each other. Frith was a very sound painter, and a very accomplished one; but in pictures like these indifference meets indifference. His illustrator's talent shows to more advantage in the “Hogarth”, and far happier in the pretty “Dolly Varden”, a version of which, inferior, however, if memory serves me, to that at South Kensington, is here exhibited. Surely more canvases of this type could have been found to represent the painter, though we are told that Frith's pictures are now difficult to trace. In his modest, unambitious efforts we can enjoy his light touch and dainty skill.

Orchardson is far better represented: his work fills the large gallery and overflows into the other rooms. It is always a severe test for an artist when great part of his life-work is shown together; and this gathering together does not heighten, perhaps a little tones down, our estimate of Orchardson's achievement. His limitations become far more obvious than when one saw his canvases singly, especially among less distinguished companions. But Orchardson has his secure place. There are a number of fine works in the exhibition, especially among the portraits. At the least, he was a painter born. A youthful picture, "George Wishart's Last Communion", exhibited in 1853, when the artist was only eighteen, though a mere imitation of the historical painting of the day, Macrise's day, shows how early his talent ripened on the side of mere accomplishment. But personal predilections were soon to assert themselves, and Orchardson found his own vein and worked it to the end, with such unfailing tact that he rarely missed success. His colour is always something felt, something alive; he loved certain harmonies, and at times could make them exquisite. His bent was towards light tones, and some of his later pictures—the portraits of Sir John Leng and of Lord Blyth of Blythwood are examples—have almost the aspect of watercolours. At an earlier period he would use tones of quiet force and richness with admirable effect, as in the fine portrait of Mrs. Joseph, with its deep reds and russet tinged with gold. No one has used yellow, a favourite colour with him, with more felicitous subtlety. It is as a colourist that one thinks of Orchardson first, for it is through his colour that we feel his temperament, his joy in his work, most vividly and directly. His design lacked architectural strength and squareness; it was elegance in form that captivated him. His subject pictures, the "Young Duke" and the "Voltaire", show a painter's invention, but are not his best work; with all their harmony and address they remain costume-pieces. The "Voltaire" is at Hamburg, but it is represented at Burlington House by a finished sketch, more proportionate in scale to the interest of the subject. The painter was more at home in pictures where incident was suppressed, and sentiment more shy; simple compositions with much space, which never became emptiness, and in which his caressing brush could play in elusive modulations. The portraits, unaffected in pose, and powerful behind all their delicacy, make a distinguished array. Many of these are familiar to all of us; but the small early portrait of Mrs. Birket Foster, reclining on a seat in a summer-house, will be new to most and is of exceptional charm.

There remains the work of J. M. Swan—paintings, drawings, and sculpture. Of these the drawings and the bronzes—the drawings I think more especially—reveal the true strength of the artist a good deal more effectively than the paintings. For these last, indeed, are disappointing. The subject of Orpheus fascinated Swan; there are three pictures of Orpheus with the wild beasts, as well as a bronze. But in none of these is the subject adequately treated, for the Orpheus is insignificantly conceived, there is nothing dominating in him, and we feel that he is only made an excuse for the painting of the animals. These, of course, are painted and modelled with great power, but the artist is more successful when he paints them alone in their solitudes. In colour Swan seemed to lack choice and certainty, and I feel that his animal paintings would have gained much by greater severity and restraint in this respect. And though it is by his animal subjects that he will be remembered, perhaps the most impressive canvases exhibited are the strong portrait of the painter's father and the sympathetic, delightful portrait of Matthew Maris. Of the drawings and bronzes, with their instinctive mastery of the movements, the beautiful languors and furies, of wild animals, it is unnecessary to write. They have won universal admiration.

### SET FREE.

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

A FINE, persistent rain had filled the streets with mud. It lay so thickly that it seemed as if black snow had fallen, and from the pools which had collected here and there upon its surface the passing carriages were reflected, as by a mirage, distorted in the glare of the electric light. The passers-by all had a look of ghosts in the thick foggy air. Rain trickled from their hats and umbrellas, and mud and water oozed beneath their tread. The thoroughfare was blocked in places with cabs all full of people going off upon their holidays, for it was Christmas week. Bells were heard fitfully, calling the faithful to the churches to prepare to celebrate the birth of Him who died upon the Cross to bring peace to the earth.

The trees which overhang the roadway by the park dropped inky showers upon the tramps sleeping or talking on the seats. The drops splashed on the stones and on the cross-board of the rest for porters' burdens which still survives, a relic of the past, between the cast-iron lamp-posts with their bright globes of light. Here and there at the corners of the streets that lead down to the artery between the parks stood women dressed fashionably, wearing large hats with ostrich feathers. True that their numbers were diminished, for an orgasm of virtue had recently swept over those who rule, and had decreed Vice should do homage to her twin-sister Virtue, but only on the sly. Still they were there, to show how much has been achieved for woman by our faith in the last thousand years. Policemen stood about upon their beats, stout and well fed, looking with scorn if a taxpayer in a threadbare coat passed by them, and ever ready, after the fashion of the world, to aid the rich, the strong, and those who did not need their help.

During the week the churches had been thronged with worshippers. Some went to pray, others resorted to the fane from custom, and again, some from a vague feeling that religion was a bulwark reared in defence of property in seasons of unrest, though this of course they had not reasoned out, but felt instinctively, just as a man fears danger in the night. Hymns had been sung and sermons preached inculcating goodwill, peace, charity and forbearance to the weak. Yet London was as pitiless as ever, and the strong pushed the weak down into the gutter, actually and in the moral sphere. Women were downtrodden, except they happened to be rich, though men talked chivalry whilst not refraining for an instant to take advantage of the power that law and nature placed within their reach. The animal creation seemed to have been devised by God to bring out all that was most base in man. If they were tame and looked to him as man, in theory, looks towards his God, he worked them pitilessly. Their loves, their preferences, their simple joys, attachments to the places where they had first seen the light and frisked beside their mothers in the fields, were all uncared for, even were subjects for derision and for mirth. If, on the other hand, they were of those, winged or four-footed, who had never bowed the knee or drooped the wing to man's dominion, their treatment was still worse. They had no rights, except of being killed at proper seasons, which were contrived so artfully that but a bare three months of the whole year was left unstained with blood. Woods in their thickest depths witnessed their agony. Deep in the corries of the hills, in fields, in rivers, on the land, the sea, and in the bowels of the earth they left their fellows, dumb, stricken, wretched, and died silently, wondering perhaps what crime they had committed in their lives so innocent and pure. No one commiserated them, for they were clearly sent into the world as living targets to improve man's power of shooting, or to be chased and torn to pieces in order to draw out the higher feelings of his self-esteem and give him opportunity to say, as their eyes glazed in death, There is one flesh of man, and yet another of the beasts.

Through the soft rain the roar of the great city rose,

though dulled and deadened, still menacing and terrible, as if the worst of human passions, as always happens in a crowd, had got the upper hand, and were astir to wreak themselves on any object ready to their hand. Machines ran to and fro, noisy and sending forth mephitic fumes, and seeming somehow as if they were the masters and the pale men who drove them only slaves of the great forces they had brought into their lives. They swerved and skated, bearing their fill of trembling passengers, and making every living thing give them the road on pain of mutilated limbs or death as horrible as by the car of some great idol in the East. No car of Juggernaut was half so terrible, and as they took their passage through the streets men shrank into the second place and seemed but to exist on sufferance, as tenders of machines.

Still, it was Christmas week, and the glad tidings preached so long ago, so fitted for the quiet ways and pastoral existence of those who heard them first, so strangely incongruous with us of modern times, were still supposed to animate men's minds. The night wore on, and through the sordid rows of stuccoed houses the interminable file of cabs, of carriages and motor omnibuses, still took its course, and trains of market-carts drawn by small puffing engines began to pass along the street. In them, high in the air, lying upon the heaped-up vegetables or seated on the backboard clinging by one arm to the chain, boys slumbered, their heads swaying and wagging to and fro as the carts rumbled on the stones. Then the carts disappeared, and the remaining traffic increased its speed in the half-empty streets, the drivers, anxious to get home, shaving each other's wheels in haste or carelessness. Round coffee-stalls stood groups of people in the flaring light of naphtha-lamps—soldiers, a man in evening dress, a street-walker or two, and some of those strange, hardly human-looking hags who only seem to rise from the recesses of the night, and with the dawn retreat into some Malebolge of the slums. The time and place had broken down all barriers of caste, and they stood laughing at obscenities, primitive and crude, such as have drawn the laughter of mankind from the beginning of the world.

In the great open space between the junction of the parks, where on one side the hospital frowns on the paltry Graeco-Cockney sham triumphal arch, just underneath the monolith from which the bronze, Iron Duke looks down upon the statues of the men he qualified as "blackguards" in his life, a little crowd surrounded something lying on the ground. A covered van, battered and shabby, stood, with a broken shaft. Under the wheels the mud was stained with a dark patch already turning black, and the smashed shaft was spotted here and there with blood. A heap of broken harness lay in a pile, and near it on its side a horse with a leg broken by a motor omnibus. His coat was dank with sweat, and his lean sides were raw in places with the harness that he would wear no more. His neck was galled with the wet collar which was thrown upon the pile of harness, its flannel lining stained with the matter of the sores which scarcely healed before work opened them again. The horse's yellow teeth, which his lips, open in his agony, disclosed, showed he was old and that his martyrdom was not of yesterday. His breath came painfully and his thin flanks heaved like a wheezy bellows in a smithy, and now and then one of his legs contracted and was drawn up to his belly and then extended slowly till the shoe clanked upon the ground. The broken leg, limp and bedaubed in mud, looked like a sausage badly filled, and the protruding splinter of the bone showed whitely through the skin.

The little crowd stood gazing at him as he lay not without sympathy but dully, as if they too were overdriven in their lives.

Then came a policeman who, taking a book, wrote briskly in it, after taking down the deposition of the owner of the horse.

The electric lamps flared on the scene. In the deserted park the wind amongst the trees murmured a threnody, and on the road the dying horse lay as a rock sticks up,

just in the tideway of a harbour, thin, dirty, overworked, castrated, underfed, familiar from his youth with blows and with ill-treatment, but now about to be set free.

#### LETTERS FROM WILDER SPAIN.

BY WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

#### THE COMING OF WINTER.

THIS autumn it fell to my lot to see a part of the wilds of Spain under conditions which, although absolutely normal for the time of year, are curiously in opposition to much that we are accustomed to in England at the same season. For with us the month of October spells the approach of cold and dreary weather, of frosts and of shortening days, of the cessation of vegetable growth, in fact of all that tells most severely on those who are not physically strong. But in Southern Spain it marks a period of renewed life and freshened vigour, the termination of the most trying and most unhealthy season of the year, the prolonged droughts of the summer and the coming of the long-desired rain.

In Andalusia, when the rains do fall they most assuredly come down in no halting manner, and we often measure a good rainy bout in generous inches rather than, as in England, by decimals of an inch.

On my return to Spain in the middle of October I found that there had been less than half an inch of rain out of the thirty to forty inches which is our normal annual quota. There had been a heavy shower the last week in September, but excepting this no rain had fallen since my departure in May. Needless to say, the whole countryside was still of a tawny yellow colour, all grasses and herbage were absolutely burnt up by the fierce summer sun, the watercourses dry and dusty, and the smaller rivers, which depend for their supply upon the rainfall in the sierras, with their sandy channels marked by a series of disconnected pools. Within half a mile of my dwelling there is a small river of this type which for over six months in the year is deep and dangerous to ford, save at certain well-known points. Usually it runs bank-high after the first heavy rains in November and remains so until April and later, since it is fed by ten thousand gullies from the adjacent sierras. As the water supply from these hills gradually drains away, the river, whose fate it is eventually to squander itself on the broad vega, flows less and less and finally ceases to run at all. This usually occurs in June or July. Evaporation and soakage now rapidly rob it of its remaining waters, and in August it assumes the form of a dry sandy channel between steep banks, in the lower portions of which a chain of pools remains. To these the thirsty herds of mares and cattle are compelled to resort in order to drink and also to obtain some sort of respite from the heat, flies, ticks and other miseries which afflict them, and here also they are preyed upon by the most sanguinary of horse-leeches.

These pools absolutely swarm with life of all sorts. Most conspicuous among their inhabitants are the water-tortoises which exist in such vast numbers in every pool and stream in Southern Spain. They attain no great size, six to eight inches over the carapace being that of the larger ones. It is a common sight to see dozens of these most offensively smelling reptiles sunning themselves on the steep grassy banks around the pools they frequent, whence, when they detect the approach of a human being, they drop with a series of "flops" into the waters below, and after a due interval rise to the surface and put up their sharp-pointed noses to reconnoitre the situation. Perhaps next to these tortoises the most abundant reptiles are the viperine grass snakes, which are to be seen on every side coiled on a stone or clod of calcined earth, whence they slip off into the water at the first alarm. Needless to add that frogs and other batrachiae abound. Lastly come the luckless fish, especially the barbel, which according to their habit, when the streams are in flood, work

their way up every channel and also spread over the thousands of acres of submerged plain. These fish attain considerable size, three or four pounds or more being not uncommon. As the waters shrink large numbers are cut off and eventually die, whilst the more fortunate ones regain the rivers. Thus it comes about that these stagnant pools are in the early autumn crowded with these various forms of life and much else besides. The constant presence of the herds of cattle and horses naturally does not improve matters, and the smaller pools, which do not actually dry up altogether, putrefy under the burning sun.

But with the first heavy cloud-burst, usually towards the end of September or in early October, the water comes raging down the parched and sunbaked water-courses, eventually reaching the dry river-bed, which it quickly transforms, often in one night, into a turbid torrent running full six feet deep and carrying on its muddy surface flotsam and jetsam of every sort, the carcase of some beast that has perished from the drought being no uncommon spectacle.

I have often speculated upon what becomes of the vast numbers of barbel and other fish which during the winter spread wherever water is to be found. For no matter how many may become derelicts and perish, there never seems to be any diminution of their numbers or size. The country folk declare that they seek shelter and exist in the muddy soil below the dried-up pools, whence they emerge upon the return of the waters. I would not mention the tale were it not that it offers a curious parallel to Gilbert White's suggestion of the hibernation of the swallows. Certain it is that no sooner do the rains come than big barbel appear in the most mysterious manner. This year my arrival in my old haunts was heralded by heavy rain, which proved sufficient to fill the river to its banks and make a clean sweep of the débris, the accumulation of the long summer months. The plain was still hard and unpleasant to traverse, the sun-baked clods of earth causing me to stumble as over loose stones, whilst in many places yawning cracks made it necessary to pick one's way with care. But already certain parts of the ground bore a green tinge, showing that the young grass and herbage had begun to sprout. The general effect to the eye, however, was an expanse of dull russet or umber brown, dotted with a forest of gaunt white thistles, absolutely calcined by the heat of the torrid summer months. No flowers were to be seen, save only the ever-undefeated little mandrake, which, with its stalkless pale purple blossoms, so suggestive of crocus, and its crumpled green leaves, like a puckered primrose, asserted itself in clusters in the most unexpected spots. Birds, of course, were well in evidence, for when are they not in wild Spain? The autumn migration was in progress, and flocks of peewits were arriving from the North in rapid succession. The poor birds must surely have had a hard time of it on their journey, for, wild as are peewits when in flocks, I never saw anything to equal the wildness of these new arrivals, which rose at over two hundred yards on my approach. Within half a mile of my house were a band of twenty Great Bustard busily seeking insects along the banks of the flooded river. With unusual tameness they let me come within seventy yards or so of them before, spreading their snowy-white wings, they flew off in a leisurely manner to some fallow hills two miles distant. I found the spot they had left, and indeed the whole river-bank for over a mile, absolutely swarming with a species of "woodlouse", no doubt driven by the recent rainfall to this, the highest and driest portion of the plain. Small parties of White Storks were dotted about the arid hill-sides adjacent, presumably hunting for grasshoppers and such like, for surely nothing else could exist in such places at this season?

Marsh Harriers, and occasionally a handsome Montagu's Harrier, were patiently quartering the reed-beds and river-banks. No sound of birds save the plaintive and somewhat irritating call of the peewits was to be heard, but presently, to my great joy, the musical and far-reaching trumpeting call of the Crane struck my ears. It is a call peculiarly suggestive of and

appropriate to the wild and desolate localities where these grand birds seek the seclusion they love.

Needless to say the Buff-backed Egrets were in scores amid the herds of cattle, some perched on the cows' backs, others stalking round the grazing beasts in quest of their unsavoury prey. The same evening after my return from the river and all next day there was a sharp downpour of rain, more than two inches falling. The following morning was warm and still, with a dense white mist rising from the steaming ground. About ten o'clock the sun asserted itself, and the banks of fog gradually rolled away, and as the countryside came into view the changes wrought by the moisture of the preceding forty-eight hours were marvellous. True, the Sierras, baked beyond belief during the preceding rainless four months, still declined to acknowledge the effects of the copious watering they had received, and the cork and ilex groves upon their lower spurs yet stood out in sharply defined dark-green patches against their brown and grey slopes. But the vega itself was completely metamorphosed. In all directions long streaks of vivid green struck the eye, as the sunlight touched on some sloping portion, whilst all around and beneath my feet the earth was green with minute sprouting blades of grass. Yet more noticeable were the small clusters of bright green needle-like leaves which were to be seen at intervals of a few feet everywhere forcing their way through the decayed and burnt-up masses of last year's grasses. These were soon to become the graceful asphodel, whose sprays three to four feet in height wave over the plains for hundreds of acres together, and make the vega a veritable sea of flowers in the months of February and March. Here and again the broad shiny leaves of the great blue squill were equally insistent in forcing themselves through the tangled mass of matted and dead herbage. A few days later, on 1 November, so far as regards the warmth and brilliancy of the sun and the fresh feeling of the air, we were enjoying the equivalent of an English June. On every side the grasses had sprung up vigorously, and the eye could rest on acres of fresh, green-looking ground which less than a week before was but a tawny waste. Even the far-distant burnt-up fallows and plough lands bore a distinctly green tinge, in marked contrast to their recent fulvous appearance.

My old friend and companion the bull herdsman, as he scrutinised the plain before us, ejaculated "Bueno!" and his wizened and puckered face, as calcined as one of his own thistles, broke into a genial smile whilst, rolling a cigarette, he remarked "Now there will soon be food for the cattle, for without doubt the winter is coming!"

#### MISSING PAGES.

IT is a common misadventure when reading books that are old or have been badly bound to have to take the leap from, say, page 64 to page 71. You have come so far without mishap, and you turn over expectantly; but the sentence that struggled bravely to the bottom of the page, surviving many threatening commas and semi-colons, ends in a sad wreck. For a moment you are unconscious of this and read on hopefully, but soon it is clear that there are missing pages, and that the book must be put down or the leap taken. The gymnastic reader—the reader who has made a habit of skipping and is concerned only with the pursuit of the plot—will not be concerned; but those who look upon a book as something different from a paper-chase, and find no excitement in a broken trail, will halt in discomfiture. Further on it may be necessary to leap from 168 to 173, across a gap which wrecks the story badly; and very likely there will be an even worse disaster at the end—for the climax of such books is generally in missing pages.

But perhaps, after all, there is no need for complaint. A book is a record of humanity, and humanity has many missing pages. So the book that goes smoothly on, and asks for no leap from the reader, cannot be a true record. Someone has said that the way to write is

to take a few pages at random from the manuscript and throw them away. This seems to be true. A life is not complete without some missing pages. Who has not had to take the leap from page 64 to 71 of a friend? You have known him for years and think you know him well, but one day he does something unexpected, and you halt on the edge of a gap. You have sat and smoked with him, have shared the small hours of many a night, have thought that you saw through the man; and then you hear that he has done something which the man you knew could never have done. You have come to the missing pages, and the leap must be taken. More comfortable perhaps to shirk it, to stop at page 64, and let the rest go unread. But a friend will be lost. So you go on to page 71 and accept the mystery. It is well to do this, because usually the lives that have most missing pages are the most interesting. They offer the excitement of the broken trail, the surprise of the unexpected, the challenge of the mysterious, and they are better to read than the lives that flow smoothly without a break from the first page to the last. Such lives never seem to be in harmony with the greater mysteries, and they have nothing of the stimulating quality that is given out by the waywardness of others. The man who is sure of things, who has already satisfied himself, can never give satisfaction to anyone else; but the man who is still trying to satisfy himself and is prepared to spend much in the attempt has always some influence of value. You have a mysterious and wayward world—mysterious in its beginning and wayward in its careless tempests and earthquakes—and the men who are most seriously companionable are those who are most in harmony with such things, who seem almost to be in partnership with Nature. Usually they have a rebellious ruggedness, a challenging discontent, an ambitious restlessness, and they share the inconsistency of a world which jealously guards a primrose but destroys a valley or mountain side. They are at home in the country, where animals come to them and where they can walk on dark rainy nights and be cheerful. They shun the towns from which Nature has been driven and are more conspicuous in Piccadilly than in a field of stubble. In the country they are among friends—the trees, the hills, the horizon, the winds—and there is no solitude, but in the town they are among strangers and alone.

Their lives are written in missing pages. There is a break at page 64, and the reader must accept the mystery and be grateful for it as for other mysteries. He can read smooth lives—the lives that share nothing of the ruggedness of Nature and have no point of contact with the hills—at any time, and he should welcome the life which has gaps that demand a leap. For the world itself is a missing page across which a leap must be taken.

#### THE TAILOR.

FEW footsteps stray when dusk droops o'er  
The tailor's old stone-lintelled door;  
There sits he stitching, half asleep,  
Beside his smoky tallow dip.  
Click, click, his needle hastens, and shrill  
Cries back the cricket 'neath the sill.  
Sometimes he stays, and o'er his thread  
Leans sidelong his old tousled head;  
Or stoops to peer with half-shut eye  
When some strange footfall echoes by;  
Till clearer gleams his candle's spark  
Into the dusty summer dark;  
Then from his cross-legs he gets down,  
To find how late the evening's grown;  
And hunched-up in his door he'll hear  
The cricket whistling crisp and clear;  
And so beneath the starry grey  
He'll mutter half a seam away.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### FEDERAL HOME RULE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Bruton Street W. 4 January 1911.

SIR,—Mr. Brassey in your issue of 31 December complains that the Unionist leaders have condemned any proposal in the direction of federal government, and he thinks that there is little prospect of the Conservative party returning to power unless it makes some attempt to conciliate Irish, Scotch and Welsh opinion.

I hope the main object of the Conservative party is not to return to power. It could do that to-morrow by "conciliating" Mr. Redmond as the Liberal party are now doing. I trust the principal thought of the Conservative party is to conserve our Constitution, conserve the Union and conserve our Empire. Now why and when and by whom was the Union established? It was established by Pitt when we were in the throes of the greatest struggle in our history, because Ireland was sympathising with our enemies, had helped French troops to land on her shores, and had offered French warships the hospitality of her unrivalled harbours. Is such a danger less imminent to-day? If Ireland were situated, like New Zealand, at the other end of the world; if her coast-line were not indentured with magnificent harbours; if her inhabitants were united in their demand for self-government and might safely be trusted with it, the experiment might be tried. But when Ireland is situated only sixty miles from our shores and right athwart all the main lines of our communication with the rest of the world; when its numerous harbours afford the best of shelter to hostile cruisers; when a third of its inhabitants are bitterly opposed to Home Rule, and when the leaders of the majority openly proclaim their hatred of England, their intention to make the most of our difficulties, and their ultimate purpose the severance of the last link which binds Ireland to England, why should the Conservative and Unionist party take any step which would further that purpose?

The Irish do not trust us. They do not even "trust Asquith". I am not sure that they trust each other. Have we, then, any grounds for trusting them in a matter which vitally affects our very existence?

But if we will not trust them with Home Rule in any shape or form, what then are we to do? "I will give", said the late Lord Salisbury at the close of the great Home Rule debate of 1893, "the policy which we recommend in the language of two great men. One shall be the language of Mr. Gladstone, 'Patient endurance in well-doing', and the other shall be the language of President Lincoln, 'Keep on pegging away'."

Should not Conservative policy be to keep steadfastly on our course, continuing patient in well-doing, treating Ireland liberally in financial matters, courageously and generously developing local government, but avoiding, as one would the brink of a precipice, the limit beyond which lies a separate Parliament in Dublin? As Mr. Brassey shows, Ireland now receives £2,300,000 more than she contributes. She is also greatly over-represented in the Imperial Parliament. And the influence of her representatives is such that their leader publicly boasts that he runs the government of Ireland from his office in Dublin. The state of Ireland now is distinctly better than it was in the 'eighties. The necessity for embarking on constitutional experiments is by no means obvious. The danger of disunion should be as clear to us in these days of naval rivalry as it was to Pitt a century ago.

Your obedient servant,  
FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Leeds, 2 January 1911.

SIR,—Mr. Brassey's letter expresses the opinion of thousands of Conservatives who, owing to party ties,

party traditions and the attitude of the Unionist press, find it impossible to give public utterance to their views.

The position in regard to Home Rule to-day is absolutely different from what it was twenty years ago. Then it was possible to hope for a period of resolute government for Ireland such as Lord Salisbury desired, since enough of English ascendancy still survived in that country to give steadiness and consistency to our Irish policy. To-day all this is changed, and with the extension of local self-government, and the political and social control which this gives them, the Nationalists are able to dictate the policy of the Irish Secretary and, through him, that of the Cabinet and the Crown.

These things alone would justify our leaders in reconsidering their position in regard to Ireland, but these things by no means fill the picture. In addition to them, we have an Irish garrison at Westminster avowedly pledged to do everything in its power to injure this country—always willing and eager to help the Socialists to deliver fresh blows against English freedom and to devise fresh burdens for English taxpayers. Surely we may ask the chiefs of the Unionist party to recognise all this, and to understand that Irish ascendancy in English politics means nothing less than the destruction of the Constitution in the first place, to be followed by the destruction of those things which it is the special function of the Constitution to preserve—individual freedom and the right of private property?

Yours faithfully, C. F. RYDER.

#### THE POST-IMPRESSIONISTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 Charlotte Street, Bath, 28 December 1910.

SIR,—The wholesale condemnation of the "Post-Impressionist" exhibition is nothing less than astounding to one who, like myself, has been brought up on the standards of the Old Masters, and who has been accustomed to deciding the merits and demerits of pictures on technical grounds. I think the explanation is this: the public is so obsessed with the commercial art of the magazine, the poster, the supplement, the illustrated weeklies, and the orthodox type of exhibition picture that when it is confronted with sincere creative endeavour, based on tradition, such endeavour appears strange and uncouth. It is curious that artists never write to the papers protesting against the vulgar impotence of the popular picture or illustration. They reserve themselves for Manet and Cézanne!

Your correspondent says that tradition and experience should be the main inspirations of painting. Here we have such inspiration in its very quintessence in the works of Manet and Cézanne. Those bathers of Cézanne! You can trace their genesis through the centuries to Il Greco—almost to Masaccio. These Manets! There are great artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries who would have envied their superb technique. Artists who look upon these works as "monstrosities" should be discreet, and say nothing.

We, who form our ideas from a study of the past, and to whom these modern masters have long been familiar, earnestly hope that their semi-official welcome will result in the purchase for the National Gallery of, at least, examples of Manet and Cézanne. Dare we also hope for one of the beautiful pastorals of Gauguin? Flandrin, Denis and Van Gogh will not percolate into official craniums until about the year 2000, when the help of the National Art Collections Fund may be invoked to prevent the few remaining examples from leaving the country.

HUGH BLAKER.

#### MOVEMENTS IN ART.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brimscombe, Stroud, Glos., 2 January 1911.

SIR,—Mr. Binyon and Mr. Friswell have, between them, raised the important question: How far is the formation of groups, by painters, conducive to the progress of art?

Mr. Binyon's attitude towards groups and movements is somewhat strange; he says "their leavings damn

them"; but it is not just either to judge a movement by its leavings, or to condemn it because the public generally seizes upon a side-issue. No true movement will petrify because its ideal has been "seized by the hungry misunderstanding of follower and parasite"; neither will this be a cause for its originators to part in disgust; men great enough to originate will go on working, aware that a great group, in any art or science, must have its parasites.

Mr. Binyon allows that men gain, by forming a group, the advantages of emulation and the contagion of enthusiasm; but these are two very small things, and, by themselves, are never sufficient reason for founding a great group. Perhaps Mr. Binyon has in view the English pre-Raphaelites and certain London coteries of to-day, composed of men too nearly equal in age; he seems oblivious of the immense advantage of men of different generations coming into contact with each other in the capacities of master and pupil.

As Mr. Friswell says, if there were not the movements of groups there would be those of individuals. Progress confined to the movements of scattered individuals is fitful; a splendid man will shine for a time, but, dying before his work is complete, a period of decadence follows, until the arrival of the next brilliant genius, who has to do a great deal of his predecessor's work over again. The value of forming a group round a master of the principles of a great movement is that, the life of the individual never being long enough fully to carry out these principles, the group provides disciples who can continue and further develop the work. The art-critic's business is to help the public to understand the ideals and objects of the group, and to discriminate between its originators and their worthy disciples on the one hand, and the mere imitators and parasites on the other.

Mr. Binyon is of opinion that English painting requires regenerating, and he quite realises that this cannot be gained by imitating Continental or Oriental ideals and movements. Then what course remains other than that of forming a vigorous movement round those worthy ideals which are truly English? Mr. Friswell tells us that Impressionism was started in England, and is the most active impulse affecting modern painting. And yet, to-day, there is no Impressionist group in England, and the prevailing idea is that Impressionism is a French movement. Surely, if Mr. Friswell is correct, an English Impressionist group should be formed to teach the ideals of the movement, and impart the knowledge gained by the experience of its leading painters before it is misrepresented by decadents.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY MAINWARING.

#### THE CORACLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Binyon is such a courteous disputant that I at once withdraw the word "barge" and beg that "coracle" may be substituted in its stead. I withdraw my "canal" also, and in deference to Mr. Binyon will imagine my coracle dancing down some prehistoric stream, impelled by a sturdy old British artist, neatly stippled over in blue, and quite oblivious of all movements except those of his own oars. I did not, most certainly, say or imply that violent opposition to a school shows that the school attacked must of necessity be right. I instanced a concrete case, and for my instance chose that of Whistler.

Ruskin, I know, is sacred to many minds. Although he certainly made a fool of himself, both as regards Rembrandt (witness his famous criticism, to which I have referred before) and Whistler, he had no doubt lapses towards good taste.

What Whistler's language might have been in regard to the Post-Impressionists I cannot say, not being endowed with any power of retrospective prophecy.

Who doubts that the French intellect is as different from the English intellect as the Persian intellect is from that of the Arabs?

The controversy as to the merits or the demerits of the Post-Impressionists is not, as I regard the case, a controversy on national intellect, but on a school of painting, and in especial on the methods of that school. An Englishman can be a Post-Impressionist, just as a Frenchman can be a Classicist. Mr. John is a case in point. He, I have heard (if I am wrong I here apologise), has studied in Paris. Certainly his methods greatly approach those of the Post-Impressionists. His breadth of style, his non-insistence upon details, as is to be observed in the exhibition of his landscapes to be seen in Chelsea, show him to have imbibed his inspiration from abroad.

To quote the instance of Mr. Holmes, Mr. Binyon himself admits that painter is in debt to Hokusai. If this is so, besides the national impress, though all art draws from the country of which the artist is a native, there also is a greater art which is not bound by any frontiers.

If Hokusai can influence Mr. Holmes, as Bonington is allowed to have influenced many of the French, why cannot Cézanne also influence some of the British school?

It is, I think, hardly ingenuous of Mr. Binyon to say that, as the English genius has displayed "deeper imaginative force than the genius of France" in its "poetic expression", this of necessity is to obtain also in painting.

Taking both French and English poetic art over the last fifty years, I question whether the advantage in "poetic expression for its deepest thoughts and emotions" is greatly on the English side.

In painting, I incline to say that, leaving Whistler out (as an American), few English painters have shown a deeper or a tenderer imagination than Corot has displayed.

Imagination and invention are often taken as the same thing, whereas they are as different as wit and humour. The question of imagination in a painter's work is not to be estimated in terms of literature, but in terms of paint. The delicate silver greys and cool, translucent greens of Corot are of the essence of imagination, as I understand the word. Beyond that in talking of his work I cannot go, not being a painter, and I think Mr. Binyon also rows in the same boat—or coracle. No one in his right senses wants Englishmen to lose their time "in trying to engrave", as Mr. Binyon says, "qualities in which our native tendencies will not permit us to excel".

Upon the other hand, no one, certainly not the man who writes "E pur si muove" at the head of the profession of his faith, wants Englishmen to shut themselves up in an ivory tower, and there remain contemplating their own navels, like an Indian fakir, while the round world jogs on.

Certainly let us have no more "exhausted subjects from the past". A little (not too much) of the geometry of gasworks and the "intoxicating swiftness of the aeroplane" would do us no great harm. We have no need, let me beg Mr. Binyon to take heart of grace upon this head, to cultivate "le mépris de la femme". That cult was born amongst us, and in no country of the world is it better understood.

Still, I do not wish that this formula should degenerate into an ideal any more than Mr. Binyon wishes that the ideal of the Post-Impressionists should be copied and degenerate into a formula amongst ourselves. Where Mr. Binyon and I seem to be in complete accord is as to our dislike of anything new being stifled at its birth.

If I put my case badly (as Mr. Binyon implies), all that I receive is my share and the odd hit. What I gain is to have drawn from one of the most receptive and impartial of our art critics the admission that perhaps the despised Post-Impressionist may affect our art.

I join him in his pious aspiration that it will be deepened and intensified.

Yours faithfully,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

#### HEREDITARY CHARACTER AND CHROMOSOMES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW,

Glasgow, 22 December 1910.

SIR,—I thank you for the review of my book, "Hereditary Characters".

The reviewer says: "Mr. Walker's thesis is that . . . they (the chromosomes) must be dismissed as the bearers of the characters that are common to all the individuals of the race, but they may be supposed to carry certain other characters. . . . These are the individual variations. . . . The characters that are not transmitted by the chromosomes, but by the *linin in which the chromatin is imbedded*, are the racial characters".

The passage which I have italicised is exactly contrary to most definite statements occurring frequently in my book. I explain in detail and with particular care that linin forms part of the chromosomes. Indeed, on page 19 I say: "What has been said with regard to the selective mode of division which ensures that an exact representative half of each chromosome is handed on at each division, applies to the linin even more forcibly than to the chromatin". Again on page 40 I say: "There is no conclusive evidence as to the nature or situation in the cell of hereditary substances representing racial characters".

I suggest in several passages that the potentiality of producing racial characters is probably present in the whole substance of the cell which divides in bulk and not in a selective manner, always excepting the chromosomes. I state that I believe it is impossible that the chromosomes can convey racial characters, and that I believe the most important element in the chromosomes to be linin; it is therefore impossible that my "thesis" can assume that racial characters are transmitted by linin.

As any cytologist reading your reviewer's statement as to the nature of my "thesis" must necessarily assume that I can possess but a very slight and inaccurate knowledge of the most important and elementary facts connected with cells, I trust you will allow me not to question his opinions but to correct a mistake with regard to fact.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
CHARLES WALKER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Dr. Walker is quite justified in his correction. I had in mind the contrast he suggests between the characters carried by the chromosomes and the racial characters associated with the cell-substance which divides in bulk. In sheer mistake I wrote down linin for the latter and passed it in proof, but Dr. Walker's text is in no way responsible for this fundamental error.

THE REVIEWER.

#### S. DUNSTAN IN THE EAST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 Idol Lane, E.C., 4 January 1911.

SIR,—I believe that many of your readers would be interested in such a City church as S. Dunstan in the East E.C. Its architectural and historic interest is such that the citizens of London will never allow it to disappear. Sadly despoiled as it has been in the past of funds and accessories, it can still fill a unique place. It is the parish church of Mincing Lane, the Customs House and S. Dunstan's Hill. In the restoration of a hundred years ago one of the wanton outrages committed on it was to sell the Father Smith organ, with its case carved by Grinling Gibbons, to S. Albans Abbey. I have now an opportunity of regaining that piece of Grinling Gibbons' work—at a price. We are also attempting to make the organ worthy of its church, and still need £300 of the £600 which is declared essential for this purpose. I permit myself to believe that there are those, outside the parish, who will approve our aim and support it.

Yours,

ARTHUR G. B. WEST, Rector.

## REVIEWS.

AINSWORTH.

**"William Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends."** By S. M. Ellis. 2 vols. London: Lane. 1910. 32s. net.

HINE once gave a famous recipe against baldness: one must carefully select one's ancestors. If poor Ainsworth had had his choice of ancestors, and if he had been at the same time gifted with prescience to know the inevitable sad end to the triumphant successes of his early career, one thing is certain: he would have begged and implored them to postpone his birth for at least half a century. Nothing could have been more speciously auspicious than the date, 1805—Mr. Ellis has erred as to "Dizzy's" birth-year—at which he came into the world; nothing could have been more speciously auspicious than his immediate, overwhelming triumph with "Rookwood", "Crichton", and particularly "Jack Sheppard", when he was still quite a young man. But in point of truth nothing could have been more genuinely unlucky for an author of his particular gifts.

When his first stories appeared, and carried the whole of England off its feet, making of Ainsworth the idol of London society, one of the chief "bucks" of the day, ranking with the hitherto peerless D'Orsay as a man of fashion and talent, there had been for some time in progress a strong reaction on the part of the reading public against the stupidly artificial, "fashionable" novels then in vogue. Readers of all classes had long been sick and tired of them, did not want any more of them, wanted a complete change. It was a wave of feeling similar to that which, in the preceding century, had given so glorious a welcome to Gay's "Beggar's Opera". The public were now waiting eagerly and impatiently for a Gay in fiction. And Ainsworth made his appearance. The result could not be in doubt for a moment.

The excessive popularity, however, which the storyteller immediately attained could only be dangerous to his future, when his vein, if not worked out, were no longer in the fashion. Had he kept his head clear and used proper self-criticism, he must have admitted as much to himself. The pendulum of general favour was bound presently to swing in the opposite direction with equal excess. And that is precisely what happened. After the publication of "The Lancashire Witches" in 1848 Ainsworth's vogue vanished with quite unexampled suddenness. A few years later he was entirely forgotten, and his subsequent work clearly shows the effect on his warm-hearted, sensitive, highly-strung nature. He felt he was doomed, so far at least as his own lifetime was concerned. Yet his doom was far from being well-deserved. It says much for the inherent literary virtue of his work that, even in competition with contemporaries whose immortality is now assured, his popularity should have lasted some twenty years.

The new generations he had then to appeal to were growing up on the finest fiction that the English language has produced; witness the names of Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, the Brontë sisters, Charles Reade, and the rest. Poor Ainsworth's oracle was overset and well-nigh sunk in the waves churned by these great craft. Still he went on obstinately delving in the past—there is only one of his tales which is at all contemporary and autobiographical; and probably few of our readers will recognise its title, "Mervyn Clitheroe". Suddenly, therefore, he was "out of the running". He seems to have been unable to realise the time had come for the depicting of contemporary mankind and their manners. When Thackeray and Dickens dealt with other periods, as in "The Virginians", for instance, or "Barnaby Rudge", the periods were not at all remote, the sentiments were eminently modern, and the language (whatever Thackeray may have boasted) has not the ancient flavour, accurate in general though the actual words and phrases may be.

Ainsworth still lives, despite his complete eclipse for many years. Living to an advanced age, surviving all his notable contemporaries, the gods did not hearten his sad solitude, hardly relieved by a wretched pension from Palmerston, with the certainty of a revival of fame. But at the present day he is very much alive. New editions of his better-known works are being constantly produced by various publishers. Who has not read them as a boy, or even again as a grown-up?

It is absurdly the common fashion to talk about Ainsworth with more or less veiled contempt, as if he were a mere caterer for boys' raw tastes. Nothing is less true. He is a permanent influence, with nothing harmful in a single page. If by saying so we expose ourselves to the charge of sinning in taste or feeling, we sin at any rate in the best of company. Lord Macaulay's enthusiastic appreciation of Ainsworth is just now worth recalling: "When I devour the pregnant pages of Ainsworth, I am lost in amazement that his wonderful historical novels have not an abiding place in every house".

Mr. Ellis is amply justified in declaring that "the mere list of some of his friends sums up the literature of the period". He knew everybody worth knowing, and many of them he grappled to his soul with hooks of steel. His nature was beautiful, kind, impulsive, yet strong withal. The genius for friendship was one of the most fascinating gifts of this fascinating, handsome man. He had the art of retaining and binding friends to him under the most adverse conditions; he forgave and condoned all manners of treacheries. There is something serene and unruffled in his high nature which shows how superior he was to his actual literary production. Never, perhaps, before or since, has an English author of distinction been able to unite under a hospitable roof a band of contemporary writers and artists of the first order, who, without envy or jealousy, encouraged one another to do their best. It proves the existence of extraordinary qualities in Ainsworth. Necessarily, almost, a book about such a genuine man and his notable friends is of entralling interest. Mr. Ellis, skilfully using information and documents new and old, has admirably succeeded in making it so. This is emphatically a book to be read.

A word in conclusion to Mr. Ellis and to the publishers. Two or three inaccuracies, of no particular moment, have been observed in a careful study of these two volumes. That the compilation of them has been a labour of love is evident. They are the result of several years' work, and Mr. Ellis may well be congratulated. He has not only become acquainted or has corresponded with surviving friends and relations of Ainsworth, securing in this way a considerable quantity of fresh and hitherto unpublished material, but he has also been enabled to reproduce facsimiles of parts of interesting MSS. and other documents, which greatly enhance the biographical value of the book. Ainsworth is to Mr. Ellis nothing less than a hero. This is the best excuse to make for the length of the two volumes, which might with much advantage have been cut down and merged in one. But what excuse can there be for the astounding lack of sense of proportion? We hope sincerely that when the book goes into a new or cheaper edition, as it thoroughly deserves, we shall not again find ourselves confronted with such monstrosities as an index seventy pages long, and a bibliography of forty pages, not to mention that all Ainsworth's least important efforts, from his boyhood right to the end of his life, the last twenty-five to thirty years of which have no literary significance whatever, are severally dealt with in laborious and tedious detail. Mr. Ellis must attend to these defects in his otherwise admirable work.

As for the publishers, their work has on the whole been well done. The book is charmingly bound and got up, the type and paper are good, there are few printing errors, and the reproductions of pictures, portraits, and documents are generally excellent. But we gib at the price. Publishers are now in the habit of issuing single volumes of no great size, on biographical or autobiographical subjects, at any price between ten and twenty

shillings. The present two volumes, also no great size, are issued at thirty-two shillings net. It seems to us an extravagant charge; half would appear ample. Assuredly, such charges are a direct encouragement to the issuing of the cheapest of cheap literature.

IN DEFENCE OF PARLIAMENTARY PERSIA.

"The Persian Revolution of 1905-1909." By Edward G. Browne. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1910. 10s. net.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S book makes a timely appearance. The narrative ceases with the deposition of Mohamed Ali Shah and the restoration of the Constitution in 1909, but his point of view is sufficiently indicated—we may be assured that the recent British Note relative to the state of Southern Persia has not his approval. In this book he enters the region of polemics. He advances a plea for Persia. He attempts an historical vindication of the Nationalist movement in that country. It is true that Professor Browne has not been an eye-witness of the events which he describes, but this seems to us to have mattered but little. His knowledge puts all the newspaper correspondents to shame; obviously he is as thoroughgoing a student of Persian politics as he has been of Persian literature. He knows the Blue Books and the White Books by heart; and he has read everything that has been written by the men on the spot, whether French, German, Russian or English, in their newspapers. Moreover, circumstances allowed him to meet some of the most important Persian politicians even whilst the revolution was still in progress. Certain figures of the Persian drama were, at various periods, temporarily absent from the stage. Thus Taki-zada, the Nationalist orator, exiled by the Shah, spent his holiday in Cambridge. The Zill-es-Sultan, the brain of the Kajar family, was during the civil war usually to be found in Nice or in Paris. Saad-ed-Dowleh, one of the chiefs of the reactionary party, fled to the French capital in 1909. Nasr-el-Mulk, accounted the most statesman-like of the Liberals, lived in Europe from the beginning of 1908 to the autumn of the following year. And there were many other distinguished exiles with whom Professor Browne met, conversed and communicated.

Professor Browne has a vast knowledge of the facts, but it does not follow that he is a good politician or a convincing controversialist. Nor should his critics be intimidated by a scholarship shown on every page—learned renderings of Persian names into English, and the like. Even on the facts as he presents them (and he does not always present them quite fairly) his inferences will often strike the reader, in Europe at any rate, as paradoxical. He considers the events that he describes with the eyes of a Persian; this book might have been written by a native, and here lies its strength and its weakness. We are begged not to regard the revolution as *opéra-bouffe*; and when Professor Browne relates how Jamal-ed-din refused the Premiership because he had to visit the Paris Exhibition, or how a certain crisis could not be settled until a certain mujtahid had recommenced to smoke—when without the suspicion of a smile he relates these things, one recognises the distinction of his advocacy.

The preliminary chapters sketch the career of Sayyid Jamal-ed-din and discuss the notorious tobacco concession of 1890 with its consequence, the assassination of Nasr-ed-din Shah. Professor Browne considers Jamal-ed-din to have been the protagonist of Pan-Islamism. This remarkable man was probably a Persian, born, according to his own account, in 1838; during his lifetime the politics not only of his own country but of India, Afghanistan, Egypt and Turkey engaged his attention, his ideal being the unity and freedom of the Moslem peoples. In Afghanistan, while still a young man, Sayyid Jamal-ed-din was involved in a battle royal between the two brothers Shir Ali, who had the support of Great Britain, and the Amir Mohamed Azam. He won notoriety in Egypt by his

political writings, after which he visited Paris, London and S. Petersburg; at S. Petersburg he met Nasr-ed-din Shah. This monarch brought him home and invited him to become his Prime Minister; Jamal-ed-din declined on the aforesaid grounds, and was despatched from Persia for "change of air". In Constantinople he spent the last years of his life, immersed in intrigue against Nasr-ed-din and in high favour with Abdul Hamid. Professor Browne met this man in London at the time that the tobacco concession was shaking the throne of the Shahs. The concession was finally rescinded; but, as Professor Browne points out, the whole affair was a fiasco that told hardly upon the prestige of Great Britain. We have not space in which to follow the argument of these earlier chapters, but the story told in them will be new to many, and is extraordinary enough. To the European statesmen whom he interviewed during the course of his wanderings Jamal-ed-din must have seemed like a being from another world; and we hope that some day Professor Browne may write the biography of this amazing personage—in a book without a thesis.

Professor Browne was, then, an early observer of events which were the preparations for what he now regards as a national awakening; but it was only with the signing of the Anglo-Russian Agreement that he felt obliged to abandon Persian literature for international politics. He attacks the Agreement for its immorality—on the ground, apparently, that Great Britain and Russia had no right to bargain over the fate of Iran. But he also holds that Great Britain had the worse of the deal. Russia has, in his opinion, continued to intrigue against Persia's independence, and still aims at securing a base in that country for operations against Afghanistan and India. He is chiefly concerned for the spiritual and intellectual qualities of Iran, and these, he thinks, would be destroyed were the country occupied and administered by foreigners. It has happened to be England's interest to maintain the integrity of Iran. But one must ask: What are England's Asiatic interests to Professor Browne, the champion of the unity and freedom of the Moslem peoples, the upholder of the principle of Nationalism in Asia, and the disciple of Jamal-ed-din? From his standpoint the Asiatic policies of Great Britain and of Russia are involved in the one condemnation. In endeavouring to inflame anti-Russian feeling by appeals to British jealousy of Russian power, Professor Browne contradicts his rôle of moralist. Moreover, we question the wisdom of these tactics. They were the tactics of the Kajar Shahs, in whose company we are surprised to find Professor Browne and his friends.

With regard to the outcome of the civil war (if, for convenience sake, we may call it so), Professor Browne tries to argue that the military success of the Nationalists—that is to say, their capture of the seat of government—was due entirely to patriotic effort. The Anglo-Russian Agreement was an obstacle surmounted. The contrary view has been held by most observers. During the revolution it was agreed by Nationalists and Royalists alike that everything turned upon the fate of the besieged city of Tabriz. Now Tabriz would, in all human probability, have eventually fallen into the hands of the Shah. Professor Browne admits that the tone of the correspondents within the city was quite pessimistic. Finally, as we know, the Russian Government, acting in agreement with Great Britain for the interests of the foreign colony, sent troops to raise the siege and save Tabriz from the terrible vengeance of the Royalist tribesmen of the north. It was only then that the Sipahdar and Sardar Assad took heart and fell upon the capital. Professor Browne, who believes that the Persian Nationalists were grimly determined to recover the Constitution at all costs, has to seek another reading of events. "The resistance of Tabriz being at an end", he writes, "it seemed for the moment that the Nationalist cause was lost"—whereas the fact is that the Nationalist cause was a lost cause from the first. The patriotic party won merely the semblance of a victory, and even that they owed to British and Russian action. The Shah

went into exile and the Mejllis sat again. But now, only a year later, are we not given to understand by Professor Browne and his friends that the integrity of Persia is as gravely threatened as ever?

#### THE SECOND GEORGE AND HIS ADVISERS.

**"George II. and his Ministers."** By Reginald Lucas.  
London: Humphreys. 1910. 10s. net.

MR. LUCAS cannot be called fortunate in the occasion of this book's appearance. Its subject inevitably challenges comparison with Lord Rosebery's latest work, and the publishers seem to have extended the resemblance to the actual size and appearance of the volume itself. The period of which they treat is the same, and they both deal almost entirely with its political aspect. Lord Rosebery, it is true, finds something fresh to say, for he had some new material on which to found it; but even in his experienced hands the sordid intrigues, the permutations and combinations of the Grenvilles, the Pelhams and their like after a time (and not a long time) become wearisome. Mr. Lucas does not follow so minutely all the doublings and windings of the various groups and parties, but on the other hand he has nothing new to tell us, and those who are already fairly well acquainted with their Hervey and their Horace Walpole will not find anything here in the nature of new points of view to stimulate their palates.

Those who talk as if the appearance of "groups" were some startling novelty in British politics must be ill acquainted with the Georgian era. The "squeezing" of these various "groups" and the purchase of their leaders was the principal business of the first Duke of Newcastle throughout a long and industrious career. Mr. Lucas calls him "the indefatigable Minister", according to a system whereby he allots a distinguishing adjective to every Minister with whom he deals. Half a dozen other epithets would have suited as well, though Newcastle was certainly a very persistent person. He would have made an excellent chairman of Tammany. He was indeed the great prototype of the modern wire-puller. Mr. Lucas deals in a kindly spirit with this unsympathetic figure, and though he admits that "Newcastle does not rank with the statesmen who win our highest admiration", yet "his place is not with those who deserve our censure". This is a strange judgment indeed to pass on one of the meanest and most grotesque personages in our political history. The politician with a dubious record may well pray that Mr. Lucas may write his Life.

"Let me have no other chronicler  
Than honest Griffith!"

Newcastle, as Lord Rosebery has pointed out, must have had some higher capacities than he has been generally credited with, or he could never have kept himself in office as long as he did; but it is no defence of his morality to say that he spent a large part of his own fortune in keeping himself in place and his friends in power.

It is not surprising that the author throws no new light on Chatham, for even Lord Rosebery has not altered the view of those who have studied his life. The intrigues of warring factions through which he pushed his way to the top of the ladder are too Protean to grasp. "Lads just crammed for a Civil Service examination", wrote Sir Leslie Stephen, "might possibly bear in mind all the shifting combinations which resulted from the endless intrigues of Pelhams and Grenvilles and Bedfords and Rockinghams; yet even those omniscient persons could hardly give a plausible account of the principles which each party conceived itself to be maintaining." Pitt, when he had attained power, and later, in the days when he had become Chatham and at times hardly sane, was a patriot of the purest lustre, but it is difficult enough to find a patriotic explanation for some of his early vagaries, least of all when he was one of the

"patriots". He did not, it is true, anticipate the famous boast of Disraeli and "pique himself on his consistency". In fact, he admitted that in the main his attacks on Walpole were factious and nothing better. Like many other brilliant young men before and after, he flew at the highest game and elected to make his way by exciting fear rather than by conciliating support; but, compared with that of most of his contemporaries, his reputation was bright. He gained immense credit for not taking the illicit emoluments of the Paymaster-General's office. Lord Camelford, as revealed to us by Lord Rosebery, tells us that, before taking the more upright line and acting as would become Goethe's "vornehmer Mensch", Pitt consulted Pelham as to whether he was justified in taking these illicit profits of the Paymaster's office. Pelham replied that he had not done it. Pitt after that could not very well do it either. As Lord Rosebery says, had he taken the balances he could not have been blamed. It was the usual custom, but by not doing it he gained the invaluable reputation for disinterested conduct which his son also acquired when he gave Barré the Clerkship to the Pells instead of keeping it for himself. Mr. Lucas briefly pursues Chatham's career after the death of George II., and incidentally shows that he retains the Whig prejudice regarding the war with the American colonies. To say that Benjamin Franklin was "sincerely and loyally attached to England" is absurd in the light of what we know now of his character and of the genesis of the war, even though it be vouched for in what the writer enthusiastically calls "Sir George Trevelyan's beautiful volumes".

Mr. Lucas in dealing with George II. as well as with Chatham and Newcastle has to suffer for the simultaneous appearance in the field of Lord Rosebery. His description of the King is somewhat diffuse and wandering, and has little merit in itself. But here, unfortunately for him, he also has Lord Morley as a rival. As Mr. Lucas has been so bold as to challenge comparison, he has to abide the result. He has no new or striking criticisms to offer, and the whole thing has been much better done before by skilled hands, but the sketches are as a rule pleasantly and accurately written, and will serve to introduce the novice into a strange world. Carteret and Chesterfield offer more promising material for a writer. Chesterfield was indeed much better than his reputation would make him. He is chiefly celebrated as the instructor of youth in polished immorality and the would-be patron of the successful Johnson, whom he ignored when unknown. But he was in fact for his age a singularly upright politician, and one of the very few Viceroys of Ireland for many years who cared a jot about the country he governed. If he did not exactly try to "rule Ireland according to Irish ideas" he did at least govern it with every sympathy for the majority of its inhabitants, even though the years of his office were contemporary with the '45. His urbanity must have made him popular, for when he was awoke "with the intelligence that the Papists were about to rise, he expressed his entire approval. It was nine o'clock and high time; he was about to get up himself". He also told a charming young lady that she was the only dangerous Papist he had met. Mr. Lucas thinks he was either lucky or wise. Clearly he may have been both, but Jacobitism in Ireland had nearly worn itself out.

Carteret remains much of a mystery, and Mr. Lucas has not lifted the veil. Why so clever a man failed to retain office while Newcastle was practically irremovable seems puzzling, especially when it is remembered that he was persona gratissima to the King at a time when royal favour often involved high office. Perhaps his reputation for careless good nature and "you-be-damnedness" explains it. When so many people were exerting every faculty they possessed to obtain place or keep it, even a genius who would not be bothered with trivial details had no chance. He wanted to be "knocking the heads of European kings together" while his rivals were trafficking with M.P.s for votes. Even Pitt had in the end to serve with Fox and Newcastle; without their gifts of management to

help keep it in place genius itself could do nothing. The fact that Carteret spoke German stood in his way with everyone but the King; it has made Mr. Haldane suspect to some patriots. But Carteret was for dragging England in the wake of Hanover, and there he went against one of the few genuinely patriotic impulses of the then House of Commons. He had his chance of forming a Ministry, but it only lasted a few hours. He laughed off the failure with the geniality of a Hippocleides. The exquisite urbanity and appropriateness of the Homeric quotation uttered on his deathbed is probably the best known thing about a curiously unsuccessful statesman.

#### NOVELS.

**"The Hand of the North."** By Marion Fox. London: Lane. 1910. 6s.

If Mr. or Miss Marion Fox would settle down to the effort of reconstructing some single incident or series of connected episodes in history and apply to the task the qualities exhibited in the present book of vivid presentation and easy picturing of bygone ages, the result, we think, would be a first-rate historical novel. "The Hand of the North" is really two stories, rather freakishly linked together. The first part, starting in the year 1601, shows us the Court intrigues surrounding the Earl of Essex, interspersed with episodes—clever enough, but episodes—at the Globe Theatre and in the presence of the Queen herself, and confused with an insufficiently explained "affair" between a city madam and the two brothers Armstrong. David Armstrong, indeed, is the hero; his fortunes are carried away to the "North", i.e. the Border, in Part II.—an entirely different story set in an entirely different and, we will add, a fresher and keener atmosphere. One begins to suspect that David is one of "the" Armstrongs, the race of cattle-raiders so often sung in ballads of the Border; and lo! he is. We are in the Marches, with magic names such as Haltwhistle and Chollerton. The author works in a "lyke-wake" appropriately, but it makes us feel that here we are in an epoch far earlier than the civilisation which was left behind in Part I. In short, the two stories, however much or little interwoven, are not in themselves remarkable; it is rather in the excellent historical mode of the writing that the virtue of this book is to be found and enjoyed.

**"The Forsythe Way."** By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. London: Chapman and Hall. 1910. 6s.

Being told many times in this artificial story of the ways which were and the ways which were not "the Forsythe way", the reader has at length—together with some irritation—little doubt that that ancient family had usually been distinguished by a certain lack of principle. And so when a vagabond and illegitimate scion of the house, having temporarily arranged to do without his right arm the better to move the charitable, hears the same evening that the missing heir of old Anthony Forsythe, deceased that very night, had been born with a real deficiency of that identical member, we are less surprised at the rogue's immediate resolve than at the coincidences that have led up to it. But why the family lawyer never asked him to take off his waistcoat and how the rogue contrived to lord it at Forsythe Towers for months without anybody suspecting what was underneath that garment—except the ancient servitor John, who cared nothing for bends sinister so long as he had a master—we are left to guess. Constrained in the last chapter to fight a duel, the impostor's sword-arm was in very poor fettle—here is at last something believable—and his death is supposed to have fulfilled the rhymed prophecy printed on the title-page and at intervals through the book to the effect that the name of Forsythe should cease with a one-armed man. This seems not quite fair to the prophet.

**"The Land of his Fathers."** By A. J. Dawson. London: Constable. 1910. 6s.

It was quite unnecessary for the purposes of this novel that the hero should fall in love with a noble-minded sempstress who possessed a superfluous baby, and we think that Mr. Dawson has handicapped himself unnecessarily by this plunge into sentimentality. It is a pity, for the book well deserves to be read and considered, and its dominant note is common sense in dealing with the problems of London poverty. A young Canadian millionaire, loafing about London, meets by chance a broken-down wretch in whom he recognises a former member of the fashionable world who had once been kind to him. This glimpse into the underworld set him thinking, and, taking the derelict for a private secretary, he embarked on a campaign of reclamation in Notting Dale. He was resolved to give the children a fair start and to abstain from pauperising their parents. But his amateur helpers, thinking him stingy and hard-hearted, constantly undid his work by promiscuous charity. The story is interesting, and is at this moment opportune as discussing very fairly the rival appeals of Socialism and true Imperialism to the victims of our present economic system.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

**"The State in Relation to Labour."** By W. S. Jevons. Fourth Edition by F. W. Hirst. London: Macmillan. 1910. 2s. 6d.

What Jevons might have said of present-day industrial legislation it is difficult to conjecture. Though he wrote this little book barely a generation ago, the rapid march of events has long left behind as commonplace departures from precedent then regarded with open apprehension. He does his best to trace some kind of principle running through our recent labour laws—some right of the worker to be protected against unfair exploitation. Individual though this protection may be in application, it is in reality the effort of the State to preserve the health and efficiency of the people in the mass. That way came Truck Acts, Factory Laws, Workmen's Compensation, Old Age Pensions. But all these measures, and others of like nature, while merely adding a little to the cost of production, never interfered with the haggling of capital and labour over their respective shares of the profit on the finished goods. The Trade Disputes Act opens a new and a more difficult chapter. For the first time the State took sides with Labour against Capital and protected the funds Labour had gathered for fighting its way to higher wages. Would Jevons have discovered any principle underlying this far-reaching change—a conviction, for instance, that the Act was the logical outcome of years of careful education and training? We know the blunt answer of the modern politician, especially if on the extreme wing—expediency. And political expediency, however much we may rail at it, seems almost the only principle in modern legislation. The mob has the votes, the mob clamours and the mob must be fed. Feed it then, says the politician, and pray for a few years' respite before it grows articulate again. How interesting would have been the speculations of a clear, detached mind like that of Jevons on the ultimate effect of these political surrenders! What would he have said of the demand to reverse the Osborne judgment, to worship and to obey the majority in all things at all times? What, too, of sickness and unemployment insurance, of the keen and growing desire to fasten on the State all that burden of thrift whose weight in older and pluckier days made the character of the nation? As an outline historical sketch, well reasoned and clear, of the early progress of industrial legislation, this is an excellent volume. It is regrettable that so little is said of arbitration and conciliation. Jevons apparently failed to appreciate—and many follow him in this—how important a factor in any industrial dispute is the personality of the arbitrator or conciliator. An Act was passed, will write the future historian, and by its means many disputes were averted. But the historian forgets, if he ever knew, that success or failure in intervention by the Board of Trade depended on the character of its representative, impersonal to the world it may be, but real enough and very human to the disputants. We need point simply to the recent cotton dispute settlement. That the Board of Trade intervened by virtue of an Act of Parliament is of course true, but the avoidance of disaster was entirely due to the conspicuous ability and tact of Mr. Askwith. In his concluding chapter Jevons complains of the selfishness of trades union interests and counsels discrimination. Surely discrimination is an attribute of the

educated mind and can hardly be appreciated by a body of men who openly defy the leaders they themselves have chosen. Probably what we really need is discipline. Mr. Hirst's short essay of introduction must not be forgotten; but he is the violent partisan. Discussing one of Jevons' illustrations, his editor observes sententiously "nor can I understand how the policies of Free Trade and Protection can depend for their validity upon time, place and circumstance". That is the worst of these dogmatists—they understand so little.

**"Industrial England in the Middle of the Eighteenth Century."**  
By Sir Henry Trueman Wood. London: Murray. 1910. 5s.

Sir Henry Trueman Wood's position as Secretary of the Royal Society of Arts almost called for the publication by him of a book of this kind. Many historians have written on the general subject of the English industrial revolution of the eighteenth century; some writers have written the history of such industries as that of wool, cotton, or iron. No one previously has described the condition of every industry carried on in England in 1754, from which date the transformation began, so that comparison can at once be made with the position it has now reached. Few would have had the competence or the opportunity for collecting information which "is all available somewhere for those who know where to look for it", but certainly "not very many do know where to look, or would care for the trouble of the search", as it is all scattered about in trade and local histories. To avoid all possible misconception that the book is only for reference, we must say that we have read every word of it, held by the absorbing interest of social conditions and changes described, the sketches of inventors and inventions, and the reflections suggested by the author on the effects of industrial changes on human happiness. "They have been produced", says Sir Henry, "at the cost of an infinite amount of human suffering. They have certainly resulted in much human happiness and much human misery." The question haunts one after closing the book.

**"The Nation and the Army."** By Major W. Roper-Caldbeck. London: Grant Richards. 1910.

For a short and admirably clear summary of the military problem, so far as it affects this country, we commend Major Roper-Caldbeck's book to our readers. A large portion of the different chapters has already been given to the public in the form of lectures delivered before the Army League. We advise moderate men particularly to read the chapter entitled "Politics and the Army", wherein the author clearly shows that, although defence problems should be, and by many reasonable people are, removed from the realms of party politics, it is impossible to regard the whole subject from a non-party standpoint when a Liberal Government numbers amongst its supporters Socialists and Labour members who are frankly anti-patriotic, Nationalists who wish to destroy the Empire, and impractical visionaries who think that this country should go so far towards showing her desire for universal peace as to render herself defenceless, and risk the consequences. In the last chapter Mr. Haldane's notable surrender to the extremists of his party, and the consequent reduction of the Regular Army, is well told.

**"Military Hygiene."** By Lieut.-Colonel R. Caldwell. London: Baillière, Tindall and Cox. 1910. 12s. 6d.

In no department of military science have matters improved more in modern times than in the realms of sanitation and hygiene. Colonel Caldwell's book is a very useful treatise on the subject, written for the layman in language which anyone can understand, technical expressions being avoided. The author is an experienced Army medical officer, and his conclusions are well worthy of attention.

**"Tahiti and the Marquesas Islands."** By F. W. Christian. London: Scott. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

"Stevensoniana in the South Seas to Date" might perhaps serve as a descriptive sub-title of this account of certain Eastern Pacific Islands. It is at once a picturesque and a pathetic story which Mr. Christian has to tell, and all who are interested in the present condition, the folklore, the history, and the customs of the South Sea Islands will find in this book, the result of years of close study and inquiry, much curious and valuable information. Mr. M. L. Rouse writes an introduction on the influence of the white man on the natives, sometimes spiritually good, but generally physically bad, and Lord Ranfurly's notes on the annexation of Raratonga and the rest of the Cook Islands are reproduced. The illustrations from photographs are numerous and good, and the appendices, occupying some fifty pages, are detailed notes on the dialects, the flora, the trade, and the discoveries of missionaries, traders, and explorers in Tahiti and the Marquesas.

**"From Constable to Commissioner: or, Sixty Years of Life mostly Misspent."** By Lieut.-Colonel Sir Henry Smith K.C.B. London: Chatto and Windus. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

Far be it from us to quarrel with the sub-title of this work: it is the author's choice, and after all he must be allowed to know better than another. So far as can be gathered from these "confessions" the question is not so much one of misspent years as of misdirected energy. Sir Henry Smith was scarcely fitted for the post he finally occupied as Commissioner of the City of London Police. He makes a boast of establishing a record in reaching his highest eminence in six years. Yet all the work he did, for we have no doubt, a sufficiently extravagant salary, could have been done at least as well, and probably better, by any police inspector in the Metropolis. What has induced him to write a book, like the present, so damaging to his reputation? The only hint given is that some of his friends urged him pressingly to do so. No doubt he had talked a good deal at one time and another about sport and dogs and attempts to catch criminals. Certainly the book does not leave a very nice impression. The jesting stories and frivolous tone are scarcely redeemed by the style or the information it contains. Sir H. Smith is a sort of cousin to Robert Louis Stevenson, and at one time they met fairly frequently. Yet all he has to say about him and his conversation and his doings generally is that he was fond of the ladies! He knew well Captain Shaw, of the Fire Brigade, and all he has to tell us about him is an anecdote in which Shaw appears as opening the door of his station one night and finding the then Prince of Wales and the Shah of Persia outside! There are two pursuits alone in which Sir H. Smith seems to have been really successful; one was the drawing-up and conducting of arrangements in connexion with processions, Royal and other, through the City; the other was, or is, the study and breeding of dogs. He is evidently fond of the animals, is a close observer of them, has written about them, and is asserted to be an authority on retrievers. That is obviously the line in life he should have taken up. As a dog-fancier or a dog-breeder he might have been a success.

**"William Sharp."** By Elizabeth A. Sharp. London: Heinemann. 1910. 16s. net.

William Sharp made his peculiar reputation amongst the writers of twenty years ago under the pseudonym of Fiona Macleod. Mrs. Sharp, the author of this memoir of her husband, recognises that the interest of most readers in William Sharp will depend on what they happen to know about the curious Keltic stories by him which passed for some years as having been written by a woman. She distributes the memoir into about two equal parts, the first concerned with Sharp in his ordinary rôle of literary man; as a writer on art, of verse which gave him a considerable place amongst minor poets, of memoirs such as that on Rossetti, as novelist, as reviewer for many literary periodicals, and as editor of the "Sonnets of the Century", which last produced correspondence, included in this Memoir, from many distinguished persons whose sonnets were put into the anthology. The second part treats of the "Fiona Macleod" period as the most important of Sharp's life; and the two parts together are, as it were, the memoir of two men rather than of a single personality. Mrs. Sharp goes on the theory that mysticism was the essential element in Sharp's nature, and that the "Fiona Macleod" work was distinct in character from that of William Sharp, and was, in fact, inspirational and hardly under his control. Mrs. Sharp makes the most of a theory naturally attractive to a biographer; and she tells the story of a mystification which, on a small scale, resembles those as to the Ossian poems and the Waverley novels. Sharp was somewhat of a poseur, and we are told he loved mystery and mischief; and we are not inclined to take the inspirational theory very seriously. Sharp's friends who knew his writing sufficiently well suspected him, and "Fiona Macleod" finally was discovered to be Sharp merely by comparison of his familiar work. As a clever literary man he utilised the Gaelic strain in him, and his acquaintance with Gaelic legends from childhood at a time when the Gaelic renaissance was the "new movement", and "Fiona Macleod" was properly admired by the rather limited class of readers connected with the "revival". The extreme detail of the life is probably to be explained as addressed to the curiosity of this coterie, as it is rather disproportionate to Sharp's general literary importance. But Sharp was undoubtedly a character out of the ordinary; he had many varied experiences and many interesting friends, and he is exceedingly fortunate in his biographer.

**"Memories of Rugby and India."** By Sir A. J. Arbuthnot. London: Fisher Unwin. 1910. 15s. net.

This book will undoubtedly prove of interest to the relatives and friends of the late Sir A. Arbuthnot. But it does not

possess much attraction for the general public. The narrative is too exclusively confined to personal and family matters and throws little fresh light on any of the important questions or measures with which Arbuthnot was associated. The memories of Rugby, even though it was Arnold's time, are particularly jejune. Matthew Arnold, we are told, was decidedly a clever boy, while Hodson was red-haired and played football, which is not illuminating. Arbuthnot held a long succession of high appointments both in India and in the Council at home. He was a valuable public servant of sound judgment and independent character, but he was too modest to be his own biographer and did not possess the gift of writing attractive memoirs of his times.

### THE JANUARY REVIEWS.

The political articles of the month turn, of course, mainly upon the election—its moral and result. Certainly the starker of the views presented is that of the "National Review". Let there be no cold prudence or moderation. Already the party has suffered from these tactics. The adoption of the Referendum was a "painful blunder", and the leadership of Mr. Balfour has been the undoing of the party, which has no organisation left. The "National Review", however, does the Unionist cause a distinct service in reprinting the Mile End speech of Mr. Lloyd George. Lord Ribblesdale, writing in the "Nineteenth Century", sees no very great significance in the result of the election. As to the general apathy, he tells how "a friend in the North Riding wrote to me on the 16th of December that the resignation of Lord Zetland as a master of foxhounds was a more engrossing topic than the elections". As to the issues involved, "my own impression is that the result has not been much influenced by the Lords' Veto question, or even by Second Chamber considerations. Free trade, chapel, and the taxation of the well-to-do have again tacitly served the Government". The Government therefore, while they are more than ever committed to a truculent policy, are no better equipped to carry it through than they were in January. Lord Ribblesdale holds that the position may return to a conference yet. Lord Dunraven, also in the "Nineteenth Century", has a similar view. The Government, by dissolving, expected an accession of strength which they did not get, and therefore have no right to proceed to extremities. Mr. Asquith is not strong enough to ask for guarantees, and as to Home Rule there will be a deadlock as soon as the difference between Home Rule as understood by Mr. Redmond and Home Rule as understood by the Moderate Liberals is clearly perceived. Mr. Harold Cox writes the article in the "Nineteenth Century" on the Referendum. He argues that the Referendum is a Conservative instrument; and, "what is more important for the interests of the Unionist party, it is an instrument which prevents a combination of political groups forcing upon the country a series of measures which independently would be unable to command a majority". The people afraid of a Referendum are those who want to advance too quickly for the country; who want to rush the country into reforms for which it is not prepared. The Referendum is a great democratic reform, because it will make it impossible for Ministers and groups, "however skilfully they may be roped together", to avoid "the precipice of a poll of the people".

In the "Fortnightly Review" Mr. Garvin also takes the line that the Government cannot legitimately push things to a crisis. "When nearly half a nation is opposed to little more than the other half, no decisive settlement can be reached by party violence. In these circumstances revolution can lead to nothing but counter-revolution." The Unionists must not, therefore, think of surrender. "Surrender on the Veto policy, or surrender to Mr. Redmond in any shape, is not thinkable; and it will not occur, unless the Opposition is to be shattered to pieces." Mr. Sidney Low, also in the "Fortnightly", takes the line that, for good or ill, and by consent of both parties, the old Constitution has gone. "Unionists as well as Liberals are now committed to constitutional revision", and their proposals, whether they are better or worse than those of their rivals, are quite as drastic, and, in fact, more so". Yet, even though the Constitution is going by the board, the country as a whole does not seem greatly to care. "The General Election was the most apathetic within living memory . . . the public, with its usual shrewd instinct, probably feels that for the present nothing very violent can be done." Mr. Low is yet another witness the inconclusive character of the election. In the "Contemporary Review" Mr. E. T. Cook interprets the meaning of "No Change" in a very different sense. The electors have not changed their views between January and December. What, asks Mr. Cook, is the meaning of this?

And he answers: "It is, and can be, nothing else than that the will of a majority of the electors is firmly set upon the attainment of the policy of restricting the Veto". The defeated party—the Unionist party, according to this writer's view—should accept the logic of events. "Roma locuta est; causa finita est"! As for conference—that is impossible. It has been tried and has failed.

Home Rule is not a topic of the month, but Mr. Swift MacNeill, in the "English Review", discusses it in his best historical manner. Mr. Harold Temperley, also in the "English Review", deals with the Referendum. It will tend to abolish party; it is an appeal from wisdom to ignorance; it deprives Ministers of responsibility. For these reasons it is to be distrusted, especially in the growing complexity and specialisation of modern government. The Osborne judgment is also discussed this month in the "English Review", where Mr. Sidney Webb contends that, as the trade union member is retained by the union in Parliament simply to look after the interests of the union, the trade unionist who disagrees with the member politically need not feel aggrieved. This is, perhaps, the most curious argument we have heard in favour of a reversal of the Osborne judgment.

Articles of domestic interest not directly concerned with the issues as between the parties are the article on Prison Reform by Major Sir Edward Clayton in the "Nineteenth Century", and an article on "The Change in Politics" by Mr. Belloc in the "Fortnightly". Sir Edward Clayton points out in the course of an interesting study that "the efforts of all serious prison reformers of our day are directed—first, to keeping men and women out of prison altogether; and, second, to the care of prisoners after release". The old prison reformers were, on the other hand, mainly concerned with domestic reform of the prisons themselves. Mr. Belloc directs our attention to a change he has discovered in politics whereby politicians are coming into contempt and are losing the confidence of the people. An explanation of this is that parties are no longer divided on great questions of principle but on questions of detail. A further change in political life is the gradual perception of the gravity of certain national questions, economic and military.

Two articles in "Blackwood" are of Indian interest—one an elaborate review of Mr. Valentine Chirol's new book, the other Sir Mortimer Durand's further account of his holiday in South Africa. The causes of Indian unrest are traced in some detail, and the opinion is expressed that Lord Minto was appointed as Governor-General because he was known to be of a more yielding temperament than Lord Curzon. "Then Lord Morley came into power, an Autocrat of the Autocrats, as most Radicals are when they get the opportunity. The Council of India was soon reduced to a state of humble insignificance. If Lord Minto was weak, the members of his Council were weaker. Whenever a vacancy in either Council occurred, Lord Morley showed his cynical contempt for Councils in general by putting in the first man he could find." "Blackwood's" view of Lord Minto is entirely opposed to that taken in the "National" by the Aga Khan, who talks of the new spirit in India as "the animating glory of Lord Minto's tenure". Sir Mortimer Durand expresses strong indignation at the treatment of British Indians in South Africa, and, discussing the native, advocates protected native states and native reserves. In India, he says, by the way, it might have been better for all concerned "if we had left the population to a much larger extent under their native rulers, subject, of course, to the overlordship of Great Britain. They would have been more contented and much more easy to manage. It is doubtful whether we were wise in pressing upon them our own methods of administration, on the ground that 'sua si bona

(Continued on page 26.)



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norint' they would see its advantages". In the "Asiatic Quarterly Review" are two articles on the benefits which India and the Empire would secure under Preference. Sir Roper Lethbridge and Mr. Leslie Moore have little difficulty, out of the fullness of their knowledge of the conditions of Indian trade, in meeting the critics who regard as hopeless the participation of India in any scheme of imperial tariffs. Mr. Price Collier in "Scribner's" starts a new series, which promises to be worth careful study, on England in India. Sir J. Athelstane Baines enters a plea in the "Financial Review of Reviews" for a Central Statistical Department of the Government, where returns can be correlated and made readily available for the use of economists and others.

The literary subject of the month is, of course, the life and works of Tolstoy. In the "Fortnightly Review" Mr. Francis Gribble lays it down that "Tolstoyism, though commonly presented as a corollary of Christianity, is really a corollary of the Pantheism of the 'God-intoxicated man'. All men are brothers, and no man must lift a hand against his brother, or resist his brother's violence, or live a life which puts his brother at a disadvantage, "because all men of whatever race or class are manifestations of the God immanent in all created things—that is the principle which lies behind all the detailed Tolstoyan precepts". In the "Contemporary Review" Dr. Charles Sarolea combats as misleading and superficial the view that "there exists a deep-seated dualism and antinomy of Tolstoy's life and personality, a sharp line of cleavage in his art and in his teaching". We have seen no other literary article of marked interest in the Reviews this month beyond a study of Byron by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid in the "Fortnightly". The writer holds, as many another holds, that "Byron's fame would be better founded, if it did not rest on so many works".

As to the theatre, Mr. Granville Barker writes in the "Fortnightly" of "Two German Theatres"—the Deutsches Theater and the Düsseldorfer Schauspielhaus. These are repertory theatres on the plan of the Gaiety at Manchester. Their programmes and achievements show what may be done in England in this direction some twenty years from now. There is an interesting article by the late Professor Churton Collins in the "Contemporary Review" on the theatres of Shakespeare's day.

In the "English Review" there are some interesting literary features—a careful poem by Mr. Binyon; the text of Mr. Shaw's one-act play, "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets", produced some weeks ago at a matinée on behalf of the Memorial Theatre; a plea for a study of English history from the people's point of view by Maurice Hewlett; a grotesque sketch after Mr. Blackwood by Mr. Sturge Moore; Mr. Joseph Conrad continues his "Under Western Eyes"; Mr. Arnold Bennett continues his series of "Paris Nights". In looking through the "English Review" we were a little surprised to come upon a rather ignorant review of "The Wreck of the Golden Galleon" by Lucas Malet—a really beautiful piece of work. "Harper's" prints an interesting sidelight on history in the shape of the "unpublished talk" of a London merchant with Napoleon, and Mr. A. C. Benson in "Cornhill" takes J. K. S. as one of "The Leaves from the Tree"—a charming series of personal sketches.

The "Conservative and Unionist" is as vigorous as ever. Of especial value in the January number is the analysis of the election figures—the votes polled by the respective parties. A clear understanding of these figures is necessary to everyone who wishes to put the Unionist case fairly before the public. The Radical pretensions to victory look extremely absurd when the total number of votes polled on either side are intelligently examined.

For this Week's Books see page 28.

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1. To receive and consider the Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account for the year ended 31st DECEMBER, 1910, and the Reports of the Directors and Auditors.
2. To elect two Directors in the place of Mr. LIONEL PHILLIPS and Sir J. C. WERNHER, Bart., who retire by rotation in accordance with the provisions of the Company's Articles of Association, but are eligible, and offer themselves for re-election.
3. To elect Auditors in the place of Messrs. C. L. ANDERSSON & Co. and Mr. THOMAS DOUGLAS, who retire, but are eligible for re-election, and to fix their remuneration for the past audit.
4. To transact general business.

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Upon such production or deposit, a Certificate with Proxy Form will be issued, under which such Bearer Warrant Holders may attend the Meeting either in person or by proxy.

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The Reef, which is a "true fissure," was partially developed to the 1st Level by Willoughby's Consolidated Company, the owners, and subsequently leased for three and a half years from June, 1908. The Company then resumed possession and has since uninterruptedly developed and worked the mine to profit to date. The Tributaries milled 57,746 tons, yielding 22,165 oz. fine gold, averaging 32.4 shillings per ton. The Royalty to the Company amounted to £22,376. The Tributaries also realized handsome profits. Willoughby's Company to August, 31, last, treated 29,457 tons, yielding 18,567 oz. fine gold, averaging 52.566 shillings per ton, resulting in a working profit of £34,528. Therefore the total tonnage milled figures at 87,203 tons, yielding £10,965, averaging 39.21 shillings per ton. The sand residues and slimes, an asset still to be treated, average about 9s. and 15s. per ton respectively, therefore to compute actual values of all ore milled 1s. per ton should be added, thus showing an average of 50s. 2d. per ton. Willoughby's Company's total profits, including Royalty, amounted to £59,105, exclusive of Tributaries' considerable profits.

The main shaft is sunk to the 4th Level, 470 feet from surface. Driving at first Level at 150 feet from surface extends for 892 feet; at the 2nd Level, 1,069 feet; at the 3rd Level, 666 feet; and at the 4th Level 217 feet. Present developments indicate two distinct ore shoots, in the Eastern and Western sections of the mine, respectively. The East shoot in the 1st Level averages 8.3 dwt. over 35 inches for a length of 186 feet, where a fault occurs. At the 2nd Level the average is 8.3 dwt. over 28 inches for a length of 169 feet, where the same fault occurs. At the 3rd Level the Reef was struck 135 feet east of the main shaft, beyond the fault, and driven on for a length of 70 feet; the first 30 feet values range from 2.8 to 57 dwt. over a good width; the last 40 feet averages 18 dwt. over 14 inches. Striking the Reef beyond the fault is a very encouraging and important feature when considering the mine's future. The Western ore body above the 1st Level

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having been stopped, it is impossible to give figures, but the record of crushing shows that the ore was uniformly high grade. At the 2nd Level this shoot measures only, as far as proved, about 650 feet in length, the values averaging 17.4 dwt. over an average of 38 inches, and the western limit of the body is still unproved. Excluding low-grade sections, the reef at the 3rd Level averages 10 dwt. over 40 inches for a length of 250 feet. No. 4 Winze, sunk 85 feet from the 2nd to the 3rd Level at a point 690 feet west of the main shaft, averages 1 oz. 18 dwt. over 25 inches. No. 3 Winze, connecting the 2nd and 3rd Levels, averages throughout 2 oz. 8 dwt. over 23 inches. At the 4th Level values are low grade, which was to be expected as the drive is still in the poor section separating the Eastern and Western shoots. Driving is being pushed east and west; the reef was recently struck east of the fault, assaying 8 dwt. over 38 inches. The ore reserves, as estimated by Mr. Ackermann, figuring upon only treating 2,000 tons monthly, with working costs at 2s. per ton and a recovery of only 80 per cent., should yield a working profit of about £45,000, exclusive of development and depreciation. It is anticipated, should the lateral extensions both east and west prove up to expectations, a plant of considerably greater capacity will be required.

Mr. Ackermann states in conclusion:—"I feel satisfied that the property justifies a much bolder campaign of development work in the future than what has been possible in the past, and in order to facilitate such work the Western shaft should be commenced immediately." (Note.—This work is commenced.) "By a perusal of the development notes and a study of the longitudinal section it will be noted that the recent developments have been most encouraging. I am not by any means discouraged at the falling-off in values of the Eastern shoot on the 3rd and 4th Levels, and anticipate that payable values will be picked up again in the section after passing the disturbed area, viz., the junction of the two faults. The Western shoot has increased in value as depth is gained, and the distribution of gold has become more constant—in fact, every development in this section has met with most encouraging results. I consider that by a bolder campaign of development there are great possibilities in the lateral extensions both east and west of the present known ore values existing in the Queen's Mine." In conclusion, I can only state that the future prospects of this property are most encouraging, and I consider that it is highly probable that by further development it is likely to become one of the important gold producers in Rhodesia."

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